

VON KLUCK SAVED BY REINFORCEMENT

SHIFTING OF TROOPS
PREVENT COMPLETE
RIGHT WING DEFEAT

Germans at That on The
Battle Line Renew
Their Attacks

HEAVIEST FIGHTING IN VICINITY OF ROYE

Germans Concentrating Their Forces, But the Battle Line Seems to be Moving Farther to the North, Indicating That the Kaiser's Army is in Actual Retreat—French Advance Step by Step in Their Forward Movement—General von Kluck Has Been Compelled to Change the Plan of His Campaign—Germans Prevented From Building a Bridge Over the Meuse, Destroyed by the French.

(By International News Service)
Paris, Oct. 2.—Reinforcements which were shifted to his badly battered army from the German end of the battle line has enabled General von Kluck, on the right wing, to make violent attacks on the forces of the allies in efforts to pierce the left wing of the French and British in an attempt to cut off the French troops south of the river Somme.

Where Fighting is Heaviest.
The heaviest fighting is raging in the vicinity of Roye and along the front from Reims to Compiègne. The German artillery continues to pour shells into the ranks of the French with amazing vigor, their supply of ammunition being apparently inexhaustible.

Von Kluck's Offensive Abandoned
It was learned from a wireless message that was intercepted at General von Kluck has discarded his offensive move program. The message also states that the Germans have come unexpectedly in contact with "black" fighters, probably the Hindus which joined the allies on Tuesday.

Battle Still Indecisive.
Despite the terrific efforts of both (Continued on Page Eight.)

To Settle
Mexican
Disputes

Agua Calientes, Mexico, Oct. 2.—Definite agreement to cease all troop movements immediately and to call the greatest possible number of constitutional chiefs together here on October 5, preparatory to a general convention October 10, was agreed upon Wednesday at the first conference between Villa and the Carranza peace commissioners.

The purpose of the convention on October 10 is to interchange ideas about settling the Carranza-Villa dispute and re-establishing order throughout the republic.

From information available here it appears that he call for a general conference is for all constitutional chiefs who can reach the city before October 10. Furthermore it would seem that enough of them are expected to be here by October 5 to begin at least informal conferences by that time.

Automobile Struck by
Engine at Uniontown

(By International News Service)
Uniontown, Pa., Oct. 2.—One person was killed, one fatally injured and two seriously hurt when a Baldwin locomotive crashed into an automobile that was stalled at the Fayette street crossing.

The dead: Mrs. Matilda Bridges, aged 72, Franklio, Pa.
Fatally hurt: Mrs. W. S. Craft (Mrs. Bridges's sister).
Seriously hurt: Ewing Townshend and wife, Uniontown.



FIRST PICTURE OF JAPANESE TROOP MOVEMENTS.
This photo is the first to be received in this country from Japan since the declaration of war on Germany. It shows a troop of Japanese soldiers marching through the streets of Tokyo before embarking for Tsing Tau to take part in the operations against the German's Chinese stronghold.

ADVENTURES OF
LOST SOLDIERS

Two Britishers Left Behind After
the Battle at Namur

TRIED TO SAVE MACHINE GUN

Relate Interesting Incidents of Their Experiences on the Way to Rouen—Why the Germans are Able to Make Their Artillery Fire So Deadly—Soldiers in Bathing When Attacked.

(By International News Service)
Paris, Oct. 2.—A correspondent just returned from Rouen told me today how he found two "lost" British soldiers and succeeded in sending them back to their base at Saint Quentin. He said:

"While dining at a hotel I was surprised to see a British artilleryman and a private of the Bedfordshire walking solemnly up to the manager, take out a small card, and point silently to an inscription on it.

"The manager addressed them in voluble French, but they only shook their heads and said 'Parley pas.' A waiter was then instructed to give them a seat and fetch them food.

"After I had made friends they told me a strange tale of adventure. Both had fought at Namur, had taken part in the gradual retirement from the French frontier, and were present at the battles of Mons and St. Quentin.

"In the latter engagement the Bedfordshires suffered terrible losses, and my friend became parted from his comrades, his rifle and his equipment.

"In an unsuccessful effort to save a machine-gun.

"In the course of his subsequent wanderings he met a gunner of the R. F. A., also lost. The two found that the British forces had retreated to Ham, and that they were in the midst of Germans. The gunner suddenly remembered that he had a card on which was written everyday phrases in English, with their French equivalents. Armed with this, they went to a farm, and on entering pointed to the sentence, 'I am lost.' The kindly housewife hid them in a loft and gave them food and drink.

"When the Germans had left the district the Tommies were placed in a cart under some straw and driven away 20 miles further south. They were then set on the road and given directions by the driver, although as they understood no French they were not much wiser. Feeling hungry they went to a wayside inn, and pointed to the three items on the card: 'I am lost,' 'I am hungry,' and 'I am thirsty.'

"Again they received a substantial meal for nothing, and this time they were given a lift to a place they could not remember, where they were put in a train, after a free meal at the station hotel. They had to change twice before arriving at Rouen, but each time the magic card was an open sesame to hotels, cafes, and first-class railway carriages.

"They reached Rouen at dinner time and, following their usual custom, entered the most imposing hotel they could see, which proved to be the one where I was staying. I took them back to the station, and set them in a train for LeHavre.

"Before leaving, the artilleryman said that when he received a peacemaker he was going to make his guns out of the words, 'I am lost,' 'I am hungry,' 'I am thirsty' surrounded by the French and British colors.

This man also told me of a clever use by the Germans, whereby they were able to pour deadly artillery fire on to the British positions. Two or three German aeroplanes went up, located the British trenches and batteries, and dropped from immediately (Continued on Page Eight)

DR. STOUGH TELLS DUBOIS
SOME OF ITS FAILINGS

DuBois, Oct. 2.—Again last night Dr. Stough appealed to the people to a strong sermon on the text, 'And no man careth for my soul.' The sermon was illustrative of the way that church members care naught for the souls of the outsiders.

Prof. Spooner, as usual, had the first part of the program for song service.

The lesson for the evening was the 142nd Psalm, beginning 'I cried unto the Lord with my voice.' He took as his text for the sermon the verse, 'And no man careth for my soul.'

In his discourse Dr. Stough said: 'You've done nothing for the young men in this town. You've let them drift into the saloons, pool rooms, dance halls, clubs where they do not find associations conducive to character uprightness. The church of DuBois has not opened one solitary place for the recreation of young men and women.'

"A business man once said to me with a snarl, 'Don't talk church to me. They're always around when they want money to help 'em build, or buy an organ, or hold a supper. But no man among 'em ever asked me at all about my soul.'

"You, Mr. Business man of DuBois, are too cowardly to protest against sin. You're afraid of offending the saloon trade. You're afraid you will lose a few dollars.

"To one upward influence in DuBois there are five downward. It is a marvel that any boys and girls here are Christians. It is only because good fathers and mothers stand like rocks against evil influence all about them, that their children are growing up right.

"Some of you think DuBois is a little heaven. You get mad at me and say I am running down the town. You are living like persons in a closed room, where the air is being stealthily poisoned. You live by your musty conservatism while DuBois rocks to hell.

"You run your churches like a department store or a machine. You turn the crank and the preacher moves in or out. If he gets off the track and preaches a little evangelism, you turn the crank and he moves out faster.

"When I stop believing in hell I will get off the platform and never preach again."

After the conclusion of the sermon Dr. Stough gave the invitation to those knowing themselves to be in need of the Savior to come down front. Nearly four hundred responded to the call.

Advent Services.
Elder R. J. Dowsett, of Tacoma, Wash., president of the West Pennsylvania conference, will preach in the Seventh Day Adventist church, on Merrill street, Oct. 3 and 7. 10-2-4.

Fine Lancaster Apples.
The editor of the Progress with two very fine apples which were among the first to come from Lancaster county by his daughter, Mrs. Chaney.

AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER
TAKES FLING AT AMERICANS

(By International News Service)
London, Oct. 1.—Diplomatic "conversations" have been opened by representatives of England, Holland and America with reference to cargoes that may be carried by neutral ships.

The "Times" drives a shaft at the American congress, referring to the discussion at Washington regarding the shipment of copper on neutral ships and the fact that England has held up such shipments. "It is more than probable that British authorities were justified in holding up this shipment," says the "Times."

"There is reason to believe that Krupp have been trying to get a shipment of much needed copper through certain neutral ports. It must be remembered that, friendly as American opinion is, one of the prime duties of every senator and representative is to beat time volubly to any complaints of their citizens. The American public is very sensitive about inviolability of American commerce."

SUDDEN DEATH ENDS
AN EVENTFUL CAREER

Mahaffey, Oct. 2.—Harry N. Widdowson, cashier of the Mahaffey National bank and associated with many of the industries in this section of the state, died unexpectedly at Reynoldsville, Pa., early Friday morning.

Mr. Widdowson was one of the best known business men of this section. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Murray, of Reynoldsville, and two children, Miss Olivia and Arthur at home.

TRINITY BROTHERHOOD
AT EDEN SERVICES

Nine of the Trinity Methodist brotherhood motored to Eden last evening and assisted in the special services being conducted there by the pastor of the church, Rev. Durkee.

Abile addresses were made by John McCurdy and H. B. Powell.

The members of the brotherhood who attended the meeting were: H. B. Powell, Samuel Powell, John Booth, F. A. McElvitt, R. G. Ross, W. B. Shope and Clark Fiegall.

Water Scarce at Morrisdale.
The scarcity of water is inconvenienting the residents of Morrisdale, and an effort will be made to procure a supply from the Waburne Water company.

Marriage Licenses.
Charles Blair, of Beccaria, and Rosanna Kelly, of Rosebud.
W. S. Thornbush and Marian H. Carboy, both of Union township.

Cupid Growing Lazy.
Only 35 marriage licenses were issued from Register and Recorder Reed's office in the month of September.

Mrs. A. L. Cole has returned from Baltimore, where she accompanied her daughter, Miss McJorie, who entered Peabody Institute.

GERMANS SILENCE TWO
FORTS AT ANTWERP

Bombardment of the City Continues, Zepelins Aiding the Artillery by Throwing Bombs

BERLIN HEARS OF GERMAN VICTORY

Official Statement Declares That The Kaiser's Troops Have Driven Back the French and Captured Two Cities—Defeat of French on the Oise River With Heavy Losses is Reported by the German War Office—Hundreds of Belgians Fleeing Across the Frontier into Holland—Germans Determined to Reduce the Forts and Take the City.

ALLEGHENY SYNOD
NOW IN SESSION

Meeting Being Held in the Remodeled Lutheran Church

ABOUT 150 DELEGATES HERE

Rev. L. P. Young Presides a Strong Sermon at the Vesper Services Last Evening. Rev. E. C. Allenbach Delivers an Address of Welcome—Improved Church Edifice Elicits Praise.

The 74th convention of the Allegheny synod in the English Lutheran church opened last evening. With diligent work on the part of the members of the church which has been remodeled this year was in readiness for the meeting. The church now presents an appearance that was really worth the effort that it has taken this summer to remodel it. The new organ was used for the first time last evening. The system of indirect illumination is a marked improvement over the old way.

Last evening the vesper services were conducted by Revs. G. F. Snyder and H. W. Bender. The sermon was preached by the Rev. L. P. Young and the text used was "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed by silver and gold but by incorruptible things." In the course of his sermon Rev. Young said to the Jew the foundation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a stumbling block, to the Greek foolishness, but to the Christian man a precious jewel. Scarcely beauty and usefulness are things that make anything precious. Life is precious to one man, death to another. The sacrifice of Christ is an abiding one because it is a precious one. Rev. Young painted a vivid word picture of the crucifixion of Christ and in conclusion said that in the ordinary sense of the word means strife and uncleanness; in religion it means peace. Christ vanquished the greatest of all foes when he died upon the cross and arose again. Who can not fight a vanquished foe.

Rev. H. S. Rhoads spoke on conclusion (Continued from Page 1.)

Russian
Successes
Continue

Petrograd, Oct. 2.—Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the armies in the field, announces continued success of the Russian attacks on the German invaders of Russian Poland, in the province of Suwalki.

Attempts by the Germans to cross the River Nieman and take the fortress of Osowic have failed after seven days of severe fighting and bombardment of the stronghold.

General Rennenkampf, who is besieging General von Hindenburg, now has nearly 1,000,000 men, and with this huge force is executing a movement to drive all Germans from Poland.

That he has been partly successful is indicated by the capture of the German positions on the Augustowka-Kopciowa line. The Kaiser's troops have been driven out of the town of Augustow, and a battle now rages in the great pine forest, which is only four miles long and thirty-five miles wide.

Roosevelt Has Great
Ovation in Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Oct. 2.—Smashing blows at Penroseism, the blight upon Pennsylvania politics and the load which broke the back of the Republican party in the nation, were delivered last night in the speech with which Colonel Roosevelt opened the campaign in this city against Penrose and his corrupt political machine.

Five thousand men and women crowded the First Regiment armory to hear the colonel, and a throng estimated at 15,000 was unable to gain admission. The cheering and enthusiasm, as well as the tremendous outpouring of people, were on a par with the great demonstration in 1912, when Colonel Roosevelt spoke at the Metropolitan opera house.

From the moment of the colonel's arrival at the Reading Junction at 6:30, until his departure from Broad Street station at 10:30, he was surrounded by cheering throngs. The streets through which he passed were crowded with enthusiastic admirers, and thousands who were unable to get into the armory meeting waited for hours to give him a cheer at the railroad stations or as he passed to and from the meeting.

Colonel Roosevelt's strong endorsement of Gifford Pinchot as the man whom Pennsylvania should send to the senate in place of Penrose, and his praise of William Draper Lewis for his patriotic action in withdrawing from the gubernatorial race in favor of Vance C. McCormick, in order that the anti-machine forces seeking to reform the state government from the machine should not be divided, were strong features of his address.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAG GRATH

Illustrated from scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

Copyright 1914, by Harold MagGrath

"I guess you're right. Well, count on me regarding that mysterious bundle in the safe."

"At three o'clock this afternoon I want you to call me up. If no one has called, why the game is up. But if some one does come around and make inquiries, don't tell me a word."

"I'll be here till five. I'd better call you up then."

Then Norton returned home and idled about till afternoon. He went over to Riverside. Five times he walked up and down the front of the Hargreave place, finally plucked up his courage and walked to the door. After all, he was a lucky mortal. He had a good excuse to visit this house every day in the week. And there was something tantalizing in the risk he took. Besides, he wanted to prove to himself whether it was a passing fancy or something deeper. That's the way with humans; we never see a sign "Fresh Paint" that we don't have to prove it.

He chatted with Florence for a while and found that, for all she might be guileless to the world, she was a good linguist, a fine musician, and talked with remarkable keenness about books and arts. But unless he roused her, the sadness of her position always lay written in her face. It was not difficult for him to conjure up her dreams in coming to the city and the blow which, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, had shattered them ruthlessly.

"You must come every day and tell me how you have progressed," she said.

"I'll obey that order gladly, whenever I can possibly do it. My visits will always be short."

"That is not necessary."

"No," said Norton in his heart, "but it is wise."

Always he found Jones waiting for him at the door, always in the shadow. "Well?" the butler whispered.

"I have laid a neat trap. Whether this balloon was the one that left the top of this house I don't know. But if there were two men in it, one of them was at the bottom of the sea."

"And the man found?" The butler's voice was tense.

"It was not Hargreave. I shot Oris but once, and as he wore a beard then, the captain's description did not tally with your recollection."

"Thank God! But what is this trap?"

"I propose to find out by it who is back of all this, who Hargreave's real enemies are."

Norton returned to his room, there to wait the call from Grannis. He was sorry, but if Jones would not take him into his fullest confidence, he must hold himself to blame for any blunder he (Norton) made. Of course, he could readily understand Jones' angle of vision. He knew nothing of the general run of reporters; he had heard of them by rumor and distrusted them. He was not aware of the fact that the average reporter carries more secrets in his head than a prime minister. It was, then, up to him to set about to allay this distrust and gain the man's complete confidence.

Meanwhile that same morning a pretty young woman boarded the Orient and asked to be left to the captain. Her eyes were red; she had evidently been weeping. When the captain, susceptible like all sailors, saw her his promises to Norton took wings.

"This is Captain Hagan?" she asked, holding the handkerchief she held in her hand.

"Yes, miss. What can I do for you?" He put his hands embarrassedly into his pockets—and felt the crisp bills. But for that magic touch he would have forgotten his face. He acquired his confidence.

"I have every assurance that the man you picked up at sea is my father. I am Florence Hargreave. Tell me everything."

The captain's very blundering deceived her. And then he hustled down the gang-plank and handed for that warehouse. He had a package which he was as tender of as if it had been dynamite.

"Thank you," impulsively.

"A man has to do his duty, miss. A sailor's always glad to rescue a man at sea," he replied.

When she finally went down the gangplank the sign the captain heaved was almost as loud as the exhaust from the donkey engines which were working out the struts of the boat from the pier.

"Maybe she is his daughter; but

two hundred is two hundred, and I'm a poor sailor man."

Then Grannis came in for his troubles. What was a chap to do when a pretty girl appealed to him?

"I am sorry, miss, but I can't give you that package. I gave the man a receipt and till it is presented to me the package must remain in yonder safe. You understand enough about the business to realize that. I did not collect the job. It was thrust upon me. I'd give a hundred dollars if the blame thing was out of my safe. You say it is your fortune. That hasn't been proved. It may be gunpowder, dynamite. I'm sorry, but you will have to find your father and bring the receipt."

The young woman left the warehouse, dabbing her eyes with the sudden handkerchief.

"I wonder," mused Grannis, as he watched her from the window, "I wonder what the deuce that chap Norton is up to. The girl might have been the man's daughter. . . . Good Lord, what an ass I am! There wasn't any man!" And so he reached over for the telephone.

Immediately upon receipt of the message the reporter set his machinery in motion. Some time before dawn he would know who the arch-conspirator was. He questioned Grannis thoroughly, and Grannis' description tallied amazingly with that of Florence Hargreave. But a call over the wire proved to him conclusively that Florence had not been out of the house that morning.

On the morrow the newspapers had search-heads about an attempt to rob the Duffy warehouse. It appeared that the police had been tipped beforehand and were on the grounds in time to gather in several notorious gunmen, who, under pressure of the third degree, vowed that they had been hired and paid by a man in a mask and had not the slightest idea what he wanted them to raid. Nothing further could be gotten out of the gunmen. That they were lying the police had no doubt, but they were up against a stout wall and all



"You Must Come Every Day and Tell Me How You Have Progressed."

they could do was to hold the man for the grand jury.

Norton was in a fine temper. After all his careful planning he had gained nothing—absolutely nothing. But wait; he had gained something—the bitter enmity of a cunning and desperate man, who had been forced to remain hidden under the pier till almost dawn.

CHAPTER IV.

The Flat on the Top Floor.

Braine crawled from his uncomfortable hiding place. His clothes were soiled and damp, his hat gone. By a hair's breadth he had escaped the clever trap laid for him. Hargreave was alive, he had escaped; Braine was as certain of this fact as he was of his own breathing. He now knew how to account for the flickering light in the upper story of the warehouse. His ancient enemy had been watch-

ing him all the time. More than this, Hargreave and the meddling reporter were in collusion. In the flare of lights at the end of the gun-play he had caught the profile of the reporter. Here was a dangerous man, who must be watched with the utmost care.

He, Braine, had been lured to commit an overt act, and by the latest good luck had escaped with nothing more serious than a cold chill and a failing disappointment.

He crawled about the top of the pier, listening, and his dark-eyebrowed glance hit and thither. The sky in the east was growing paler and paler. In and out among the piles of wood, bags of coffee and boxes of wool, he slowly and cautiously worked his way. A watchman patrolled the upper side of the warehouse, and Braine found it painful to creep across the other way, thence into the street. After that he slipped and crawled up, sought a watchman's shop and purchased a soft hat, which he pulled down over his eyes.

He had half a dozen rooms which he always kept in readiness for such adventures as this. He rented them furnished in small hotels which never asked questions of their tenants. To one of these he went as fast as his weary legs could carry him. Once in his room he changed from his stained apparel, shoes, and gloves. Then he proceeded downstairs, the automatic hand not shaking his eyes and the upper part of his face.

At half past twelve Norton entered the Thanhouser cafe-restaurant, and the hostess who noticed him was Braine, reading the morning paper, stopped up against the water cooler. Evidently he had just entered. Norton walked over and had his hand upon Braine's shoulder. The man looked up with mild curiosity.

"Why, Norton, sit down, sit down! Have you had lunch? No? Join me."

"Thanks. Come in for my breakfast," said Norton, drawing out his chair. Braine was sitting with his back to the wall on the lounge-seat.

"I wonder if you newspaper men ever eat a real, true enough breakfast. I should think the hours you lead would kill you off. Anything new on the Hargreave story?"

"I'm not handling that," the reporter lied cheerfully. "Don't want to. I know him rather intimately. I've a horror of dead people, and don't want to be called upon to identify the body when they find it."

"Then you think they will find it?"

"I don't know. It's a strange mixup. I'm not on the story, mind you; but I was in the vicinity of Duffy's warehouse late last night and fell into a gunman's trap."

"Yes, I read about that. What were they after?"

"You've got me there. No one seems to know. Some cock and bull story about there being something valuable. There was."

"What was it? The report in this paper does not say."

"Ten thousand bags of coffee," Braine lay back in his chair and laughed.

"If you want my opinion," said Norton, "I believe the gunmen were out to shoot up another gang, and the police got wind of it."

"Don't you think it about time the police called a halt in this gunman matter?"

"Oh, so long as they pot each other the police look the other way. It saves a long trial and passage up the river. Besides, whenever they are nabbed some big political machines to open the door for them. Great is the American voter."

"Take Mr. Norton's order, Luigi," said Braine.

"A German panache, battered coat and coffee," ordered the reporter.

"Man, eat something!"

"It's enough for me."

"And you'll go all the rest of the day on tobacco? I know something of you chaps. I don't see how you manage to do it."

"Food is the least of our troubles. By the way, may I ask you a few questions? Nothing for print, unless you've got a new book coming."

"Fire away."

"What do you know about the Princess Fortu?"

"Let me see. I'm not her first about a year ago at a reception given to Naumova. A very attractive woman. I see quite a lot of her. Why?"

"Well, she claims to be a sort of aunt to Hargreave's daughter."

"She said something to me about that the other night. You never know where you're at in this world, do you?"

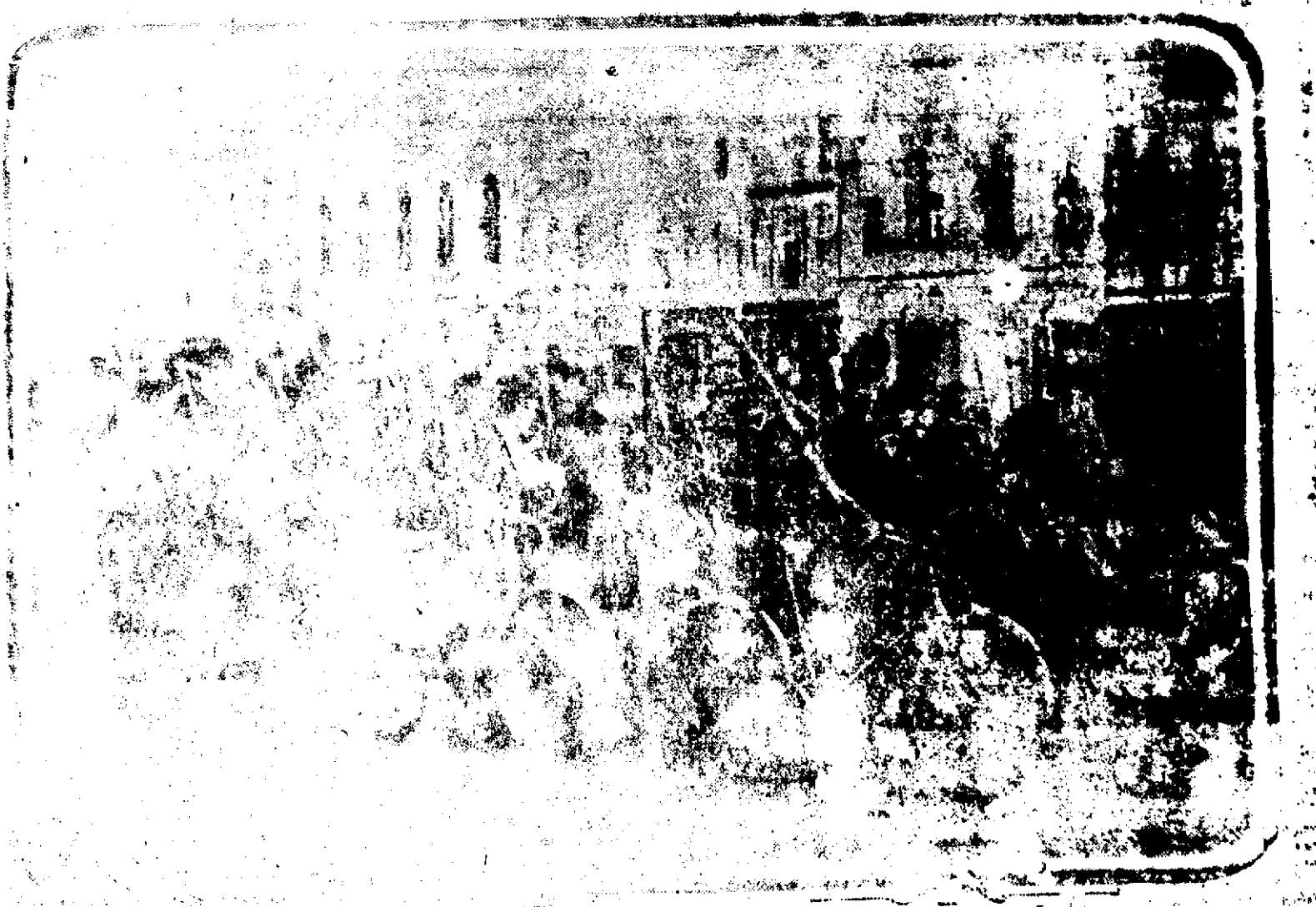
The German panache, the coat, the coffee disappeared, and the reporter passed his cigars.

"The president visits town today and I'm off to watch the show. I suppose I'll have to interview him about the tariff and all that sort. When you start on a new book let me know and I'll be your press agent."

"That's a bargain."

"Thanks for the breakfast."

(To Be Continued.)



VICTORIOUS BELGIANS PASSING THROUGH GHEENT IN PURSUIT OF FLEEING GERMANS. This photo was taken before the German troops, aided by reinforcements, forced the troops shown in this picture back on Antwerp, which city they are reported to be bombarding at this time.

CORRESPONDENCE

OSCEOLA MILLS.

The Desmond drum corps attended the Democratic rally at Phillipsburg on Tuesday evening.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle, accompanied by the Osceola cornet band, attended the tabernacle services at Houtzdale on Tuesday evening, returned by special train after the service.

Mrs. F. H. McCully left on Wednesday for Oil City, where she will attend the state convention of the Women's Christian Union. The union at this place is increasing in numbers and influence.

The body of the late Dr. F. B. Read was brought here Wednesday evening and the funeral services were held at the home this afternoon at 2:30.

Miss Bella Hutchings is spending a few days with friends at Tyrone.

Advertise in The Progress.



\$10,000 Will Be Given Away

The Progress has just completed arrangements whereby one of its readers may be lucky enough to win a prize of \$10,000. This offer will be found in an announcement on page two, and is run in conjunction with the great serial photoplay which started at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday evening.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

By Harold McGrath

Is the name of the play, and it will also run serially in the Progress every Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The first two installments, however, will be run throughout this week.

Tell any of your friends who may not be subscribers, so they may start at once.—Watch for first offer.

Are you reading the great war story now running in the Progress, and are all your friends and neighbors reading it? If not, you had better have the Progress sent to them.

"The Last Shot"

By Frederick Palmer

It is one of the greatest war serial ever written, and should not be missed by anyone. It is written by a former war correspondent and is very interesting during the present European war.

And still another treat for our readers is the great serial photoplay

"The Trey O'Hearts"

Which is shown every Wednesday evening at the Opera House, and appears in the Progress every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. This excellent story is by Louis Joseph Vance and has been called one of the best serials yet.

You can not afford to miss these great features, together with our down-to-the-minute telegraph service, and a good line-up of local and county news which are given you every day in

The Clearfield Progress

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IMPORTANT DATES.

Home talent show by Clearfield fire company No. 1, opera house, Oct. 12 and 13.
Clearfield County Anti-Saloon League convention, Clearfield, Oct. 13.
General election, November 3.
Christmas, Friday, December 25.

October 2, 1914

Good evening! Smile and the world will appear to be sunshine all the time.

The war tax promise, to sink the Democratic party in the mire of political oblivion.

How many motorists in this town blow their horns before approaching a street crossing?

What is needed most badly at present is a barometer that will indicate an old fashioned rain.

The school of the street issues no diplomas, but pupils very often receive a true bill from the grand jury.

Palmer can't palm himself off as a true reformer unless he withdraws from the race for United States senator.

All of the cigar store signs are not wooden Indians; some of them conduct themselves after the manner of real live savages.

Among the most serious losses due to the war in Europe are the missing lecture receipts of our benign secretary of state.

England protests against American selling copper to Germany, but raises no objections to herself receiving our gold.

Next year the Woman's club should persuade the county commissioners to plant shrubbery and flowers around the court house.

What's the use? As soon as you earn how to pronounce one of those names of battlefields the armies move on to another place with a more outlandish name.

The crown prince of Germany is accused of looting the homes of residents of Lorraine. Well, what was this war started for if not to enrich its sponsors?

At any rate, there will be plenty of room in the next Hague peace conference, if it is attended only by those nations which are not engaged in the European war.

In the meantime, let us hope that if Calder assumes the difficult task of governing Mexico he will not make his first duty to empty the Mexican treasury into his socks.

Drunken men appearing on the streets in daylight ought to be removed from the sight of women and children no matter how these intoxicated individuals may be.

Those Americans who have been "seeing America first" may not confess it, but they have seen sights far transcending in beauty anything they formerly saw in Europe.

Place a few foreign titles in Yellowstone park and the Yosemite and the batteries of fashion would make hundreds of new signs conspicuous on those natural beauty spots.

Brumbaugh prides himself on the fact that he taught school for many

years, but this fact does not entitle him to a pension in the shape of a ten thousand dollar salary as Penrose's governor.

The political allies in this state will be attacked by Colonel Roosevelt this month. Heavy bombardment of the Penrose center, the Palmer right wing and the Ryan left wing may be expected to destroy the enemies of the people.

Colonel Roosevelt has another reason for adversely criticizing judges now that Supreme Court Judge Chester has refused to permit the Colonel to have a fair trial in his alleged libel suit in a county where Boss Bellows does not own the court.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

It is not expected that partisan newspapers will adhere strictly to the truth when they are called upon to report the number of people who attend political meetings, but to those citizens of Clearfield county who know from observation that the Palmer and Brumbaugh gatherings in this county were pitifully small the statements of the Democratic and Republican organs that immense crowds greeted these candidates will be placed under suspicion.

It is especially noted that Brumbaugh fails to attract the voters. He is not a magnetic personage, and the fact that he is in coalition with the objectionable Penrose does not tend to increase the number of voters who attend his meetings. The voter of today is intelligent enough to understand that Brumbaugh as the gubernatorial candidate of the Penrose machine is a different individual from the Brumbaugh, who, before his nomination, expressed approval of the issues which the people of Pennsylvania regard as paramount this year.

The fact that, if elected governor Brumbaugh would be under the absolute control of Penrose and would do as Penrose would tell him, is a heavy drawback to his candidacy with those voters who are in favor of honest state government and the elimination of Penroseism. Deny it as he may Brumbaugh cannot convince the intelligent voters that he would be free to act in accordance with his views as announced prior to his nomination should be elected. Penrose knows Brumbaugh would not be a free agent in the gubernatorial chair. Brumbaugh ought to know it. The people who remember Penypacker and Toner know it. This is why the honest voters will refuse to vote for Brumbaugh.

Parisians demand more war news. Why not subscribe for the Progress?

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

If a man pay his taxes regularly and himself does not violate the laws and ordinances he is inclined to consider himself a good citizen. But paying taxes and refraining from breaking the laws and ordinances do not alone constitute the mark of a good citizen. A good citizen is one who not only obeys the laws in his dealings with his fellowmen, but who strives to lead his neighbor to live rightly. A good citizen is one who gives thought to the welfare of those who deserve his consideration and who may be led to do right if they realize that someone else takes an interest in them.

No man is without his faults, and even the citizen who regard his life as without blemish may be selfish and fail to appreciate the power which is given him to help his neighbor. The self-satisfied man who shrinks from the performance of his whole duty to the community is not a good citizen, no matter whether he so regard himself. There is work for the citizens of Clearfield to do in the task of improving conditions in this town, and it is to the really good citizens that the friends of reform must look for assistance in this labor. John Doe may think he is a good citizen but if he do not seek to make Richard Roe a good citizen he fails of his duty.

CHRISTMAS IN BERLIN.

It looks very much as if the slogan of the Russians, "Christmas in Berlin" might become the song of the czar's troops as they march into the German capital. Russia's armies are marching through Austria and into Hungary with comparatively little opposition. After they have subjugated these two countries the czar is likely to turn his attention to Germany. The trail to Berlin will be a hard one, but there is no doubting the willingness of the Russian troops to

take the attempt to spend Christmas in the German capital.

Germany's great army in France is all to be crumbling before the vigorous assaults of the allied armies. Reinforcements are reaching the allies, giving some of the troops who have been fighting steadily for twenty days a chance to rest, and at the same time the allies are maintaining an offensive which is very disastrous to the hopes of the kaiser that he will overcome the opposition and eventually reach Paris. This was to have been expected when the Germans were delayed by the Belgian armies. If the kaiser is able to extricate his armies from their present unpleasant if not dangerous position he will be fortunate.

The whole German plan of campaign has had to undergo a change through the ability of the Belgians to prevent a hasty march through their country of the German troops. The kaiser expected to be in Paris in ten days after his vast army set in motion. He isn't in the French capital yet, and if the allies receive reinforcements when expected he will not arrive at the gates of Paris at all. The splendid fighting machine which the kaiser took out of Germany shows signs of weakness in some of its important parts, while the allies are being strengthened daily by the arrival of fresh troops. No wonder the kaiser is now renewing his efforts to destroy Antwerp, the present capital of the Belgians, who did so much to set his war scheme awry.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Written for the Progress.

The awful sound of cannon's roar,
The knell of death o'er land and sea,
O Lord our God, we now implore
That thou wilt listen to our plea.
The Power that guides the universe,
Wilt thou not break the rod of Mars
Great God on high, remove the curse
Of jealous hate, the cause of wars.
There is a time when men must stand,
For right and justice, when foes invade,
When tyrants oppress the dear home land;
Then honor belongs to the battle blade;

And to the arm that wields it too,
To all brave men who will not flee
When danger comes, but will face their foes,
And fight for justice and liberty.
To the voice that calmed the troubled sea,
To the monarch who wears the triple crown,
We invoke thy aid, O hear our plea,
And from thy throne above look down;
And quell the force of selfish men,
Who are blind to reason, who thirst for power,
And make them know that thou art King,
And establish peace in this dark hour.
—Grace E. Planton,
Westover, Pa.

TWENTY YEARS HENCE

(From the Files of the Progress 1934)

Aviation is now one of the studies in the Clearfield High school curriculum.

The subway by which citizens are conveyed to the East End is now lighted with twenty-five arc lights.

Tony Brothers, dealers in general merchandise, will erect a six-story business block on Third street next spring.

Another effort will be made to induce the two warring factions of the Democratic party in this county to settle their differences by arbitration, and a meeting of the leaders of both wings of the party has been called for tomorrow night.

A game of football between the Y. M. C. A. of Hawk Run and the Y. M. C. A. of Clearfield will be played in this city tomorrow.

The Public Service company has placed the last of its wires in the city under ground and the poles on which the wires were formerly strung are being taken down.

An excursion train will be run over the New York Central railroad on Sunday to Phillipsburg to accommodate those citizens who wish to attend the evangelistic services conducted there by Rev. Billy Sunday.

SIX SMALL SMILES

The Vital Point.

"I wonder how many men will be made unhappy when I marry," said the flirt.

"How many do you expect to marry?" answered her dearest friend.—Man Lacht.

Ought to Be Warm.

"Waiter, this pudding is quite cold." "Impossible, sir! This is the fifth time it has been warmed since morning."—Paris Journal Amusant.

Can You Blame Her.

"How is the law made?" asked the instructor in United States history. "Oh," replied the maiden, cheerfully, "the Senate has to ratify it, and then

the President has to—has to veto it; and then the House of Representatives has to—she hesitated for a moment and knit her pretty forehead.

"Oh, yes! I remember now," she said. "The House of Representatives has to adjourn until the next session!"—Youth's Companion.

Practical Advice.

Mr. Meekly—Our neighbor's son is always thrashing my boy. What shall I do about it?

Lawyer—Teach him how to fight. Ten dollars, please.—Boston Transcript.

On Time.

"Is this train running on time?" "I should say so," answered the conductor. "It can't run any other way. The company has had to get so many extensions of credit that the whole road is now running on time."—Washington Star.

The Christmas Outlook.

"I want some green stockings for a Christmas present," said an early shopper.

"No more dyed goods," announced the clerk, "This will have to be a white Christmas."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.



HIS FIGHT THE CLOSEST OF ALL.

James W. Wadsworth, Jr., the New York Republican nominee for State senate, whose popularity in up state counties was all that saved him from defeat at the hands of W. M. Cullen.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, ETC.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of the Clearfield Progress published daily at Clearfield, Pa., required by Act of August 24, 1912:

Editor, John R. Bixler, Clearfield, Pa.

Business Manager, R. E. Johnson, Clearfield, Pa.

Publisher, Progressive Publishing Co., Inc., Clearfield, Pa.

Names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent, or more of the total amount of stock:

Robert H. Sommerville, Windburne, Pa.

James H. Minds, Ramey, Pa.

Harry A. Reed, Clearfield, Pa.

E. W. Hess, Clearfield, Pa.

John W. Barratt, Clearfield, Pa.

James Mitchell, Clearfield, Pa.

J. Fred Fenton, Clearfield, Pa.

Aaron Peters, Clearfield, Pa.

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Dr. Harry H. Fairbanks, Des Moines, Ia.

Daniel Alsop, Ramey, Pa.

F. B. Johnston, Curry Run, Pa.

F. F. Kramp, Ramey, Pa.

Average number of copies of each issue sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date of this statement 1740.

R. E. JOHNSON

General Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1914.

W. I. SWOOP, Notary Public.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY, PENNA.

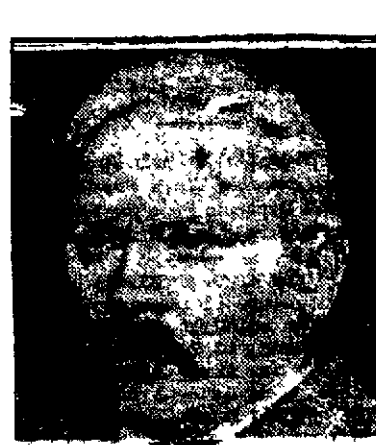
No 227 Dec. Term, 1911.

In re EMIL DERMINER and In contempt

Auditor's Notice.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by said Court to disburse and among those legally entitled the balance shown by the account of July Derminer, guard, a of Emil Derminer an incompetent, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment, at his office in the borough of Clearfield, Pa., on Wednesday, October 14, 1914 at 10 o'clock A. M. at which time and place, all parties interested must present their claim or be debarred from sharing in said fund.

JAMES K. HOLTON, Auditor.



UNSUCCESSFUL, HE CHANGES

IRREGULARITIES AT POLLS.

John A. Hennessy, who was unsuccessful in his fight to be named as the candidate for the governorship of the state of New York, has come forward with a charge that Tammany district captains practiced irregularities at the polls.

MATRIMONIAL

McCluskey-Knepp.

Orvis E. McCluskey, of Pottersdale and Miss Ella L. Knepp, of Woodland, were married at the Methodist parsonage at Phillipsburg on Wednesday evening, Sept. 24, 1914, at 7 o'clock, by Rev. George M. O'Neil, of Trinity M. E. church, of Phillipsburg, officiating. Mr. and Mrs. McCluskey will reside in Clearfield where Mr. McCluskey is employed on a railroad.

McLees-Davis.

Howard L. McLees, of Windburne, and Miss Anna Sommerville Bowie, of Phillipsburg, were united in marriage at the Presbyterian manse at Phillipsburg Wednesday evening, Rev. R. P. Miller, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Phillipsburg performed the wedding ceremony. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Davis, of Point Lookout and the groom is a son of Ward McLees, the druggist at Windburne, and is an employee of the General Electrical company at Schenectady, N. Y., where the young couple will reside.

A want ad in the Progress may start you on the way to riches.

BIG LOAF FLOUR

In For Sale by the Following Merchants in Clearfield and vicinity:

G. N. Ellenberger, Clearfield

Ross & Woods, Clearfield

J. S. Beahan, Clearfield

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co., Clearfield

Richard Cook, Clearfield

McCloskey Bros., Clearfield

C. E. Shirley, Clearfield

Wm. M. Boyce & Son, Clearfield

F. S. Gilliland, Clearfield

S. B. McLaughlin, Clearfield

Fred Norris, Clearfield

Sam Basone, Clearfield

A. F. Schaefer, Hyde

Bigfoot Store Co., Carversville

T. C. Hile, Carversville

Harry Toats, Carversville

V. B. Fox & Son, Carversville

G. M. Clute, Carversville

C. F. Hays, Carversville

T. D. Small & Son, Carversville

W. A. Hipsley, Carversville

Rafferty Bros., Grampian

Grampian Supply Co., Grampian

W. E. Derrick, Grampian

A. McGrath, Grampian

H. P. Whigmore, Grampian

P. M. Hartzfeld, Grampian

J. T. Pickles, Woodland

W. D. Walker & Bro., Hager

Ed. Shaw, Shawville

E. E. Murray, Shawville

Huskel Kunes, Karthaus

E. D. Billek, Froeschville

Q. E. Beausseigneur, Leontine Mills

Graham Bros., Leontine Mills

Chas. S. Volchek, Coudler

C. P. Rowles, Olanta

D. B. Hile, Lumber City

C. A. Stevens, Ansonville

F. B. Johnston, Curry Run

S. E. Stahl, Mahanoy

Wm. J. Seabrook, Westover

Z. T. Phillips, Irvona

Butterbaugh & Son, Cherry Tree

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WANTED: A

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A long established and

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years in business has

opening in this city for a

representative. The man

own the stock and

control the business and

is not a mere agent or

salesman. He is a man

of good appearance and

of good address and of

good education and of

good character and of

good health and of

good habits and of

good conduct and of

good reputation and of

good success and of

good fortune and of

good luck and of

good everything.

Apply to

FOSTER GILROY

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New York

SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY

Saturday, October 3, We will sell all of our Women's \$3.50 Shoes for \$2.99. This includes all of our new shoes at that price. You will be able to get the latest style in any size. Don't miss this chance.

Here Are Some Other Bargains

Women's \$3.00 Shoes in Dull and Patent Leathers, Kid and Cloth Tops at \$2.49

Women's \$2.75 Shoes in all styles and leather \$2.39

We will sell a lot of Women's \$2.00 Shoes at \$1.50

Men's

The Last Shot

By
FREDERICK PALMER

CHAPTER XV.

In Feller's Place.
What am I about to do? shot as forked shadows over the hot lava-flow of Mart's impulsive. The vitality that Westerling had felt by suggestion from a still profile rejoiced in a quickening of pace directly she was out of sight of the veranda. All the thinking she had done that afternoon had been in pictures; some saying, some cry, some, groan, or some smile went with every picture.

The sitting-room of the tower was empty to other eyes but not to hers. The lantern was in the corner at hand. After her hesitating steps had carried her along the tunnel to the telephone, she lay down the lantern and pressed the spring that opened the panel door. Another moment and she would be embarked on her great adventure in the finality of action. That little earpiece became a speaker of conscience. She drew back convulsively and her hands flew to her face; she was a rocking shadow in the thin, reddish light of the lantern.

Conscious mind had torn off the mask from subconscious mind, revealing the true nature of the change that had wrought in her. She who had resented Feller's part—what a part she had been playing! Every word, every shade of expression, every telling pause of abstraction after Westerling confessed that he had made war for his own ends had been subtly prompted by a purpose whose actuality terrified her.

Her hypocrisy, she realized, was as black as the wall of darkness beyond the lantern's gleam. Then this demoralization passed, as a nightmare passes, with Westerling's boat again in her ears.

When war's principles, enacted by men, were based on sinister trickery called strategy and tactics, should not women, using such weapons as they had, also fight for their homes? Mart's hands swept down from her eyes; she was on fire with resolution.

Forty miles away a bell in Lanstron's bedroom and at his desk rang simultaneously. At the time he and Partow were seated facing each other across a map on the table of the room where they worked together. No persuasion of the young vice-chief, no advice of the doctors, could make the chief take exercise or shorten his hours.

"I know. I know myself!" he said. "I know my duty. And you are learning my boy, learning!"

Every day the flabby cheeks grew paler and the pouches under the eyebrows heavier. But there was no dimming of the eagle flashes of the eyes, no weakening of the will. Last night Lanstron had turned as white as chalk when Partow staggered on reeling from the table, the veins on his temples knotted blue whip-cords. Yet after a few hours sleep he reappeared with firm step, fresh for the fray.

The paraphernalia around these two was the same as that around Westerling. Only the atmosphere of the staff was different. Each man was performing the part set for him. No man knew much of any other man's part. Partow alone knew all, and Lanstron was trying to grasp all and praying that Partow's old body should still feed his mind with energy. Lanstron was thinner and paler, a few and glittering lines in his eyes.

What word of Feller's detection came. Lanstron realized for the first time by Partow's manner that the old chief of staff, with all his deprecation of the telephone scheme as chimerical, had grounded a horse on it.

There was the chance that we might know—so vital to the defense—what they were going to do before and not after the attack," he said.

Yet the story of how Feller yielded to the temptation of the automatic had made the nostrils of the old war-horse quiver with a dramatic breath, and instead of the command of a battery of guns, which Lanstron had promised, the chief made it a battalion. He had drawn down his brows when he heard that Mart's hand asked that the wire be left intact; he had shot a shrewd, questioning glance at Lanstron and then beat a tattoo on the table and had grumbled under his breath:

"She is afraid of being lonesome! No harm done!"

A week had passed since the Grays had taken the Galland house, and still no word from Mart. The ring of the bell brought Lanstron to his feet with a startled, boyish bound.

"Very springs, that tendon of Achilles!" muttered Partow. "And, my boy, take care, take care!" he called suddenly in his sonorous voice, as vast and billowy as his body.

It was Mart's voice and yet not Mart's; this voice that beat in nervous waves over the wire.

"Lanny—Yes, I, Lanny! You were right. Westerling planned to make war deliberately to satisfy his ambition. He told me so. The first general attack on the first line of defense is tonight. Westerling says so!" She had to pause for breath. "And, Lanny, I want to know some position of the Browns which is weak—not actually weak, maybe, but some position where the Grays expect terrible resistance

and will not find it—where you will let them in!"

"In the name of—Mart! Mart, what—"

"I am going to fight for the Browns—for my home!"

In the sheer satisfaction of explaining herself to herself, of voicing her sentiments, she sent the pictures which had wrought the change moving across the screen before Lanstron's amazed vision. There was no room for interruption on his part, no question or need of one. The wire seemed to quiver with the militant tension of her spirit. It was Mart's name who was talking at the other end; not a name for him, but with a purpose that revealed all the latent strength of her personality and daring.

"I shall have to ask Partow. It's a pretty big thing."

"Yes—only that is not all my plan, my little plan. After they have taken the first line of defense—and they will get it, won't they?"

"Yes, we shall yield in the end, yield rather than suffer too great losses there that will weaken the defense on the main line."

"Then I want to know where it is that you want Westerling to attack on the main line, so that we can get him to attack there. That—that will help, won't it?"

"Yes."

"Of course, all the while I shall be getting news from him—when I have proved my loyalty and have his complete confidence—and I'll telephone it to you. I am sure I can get something worth while with you to direct me; don't you think so, Lanny? I'll hold



"I'm Going to Fight for the Browns—for My Home!"

the wire, Lanny. Ask Partow!" she concluded. Of the two she was the steadier.

"Well?" said Partow, looking up at the sound of Lanstron's step. Then he half raised himself from his chair at sight of a Lanstron with eyes in a daze of brilliancy; a Lanstron with his maimed hand twitching in an outstretched gesture; a Lanstron in the dilemma of being at the same time lover and chief of intelligence. Should he let her make the sacrifice of everything that he held to be sacred to a woman's delicacy? Should he not return to the telephone and tell her that he would not permit her to play such a part? Partow's voice cut in on his demoralization with the sharpness of a blade.

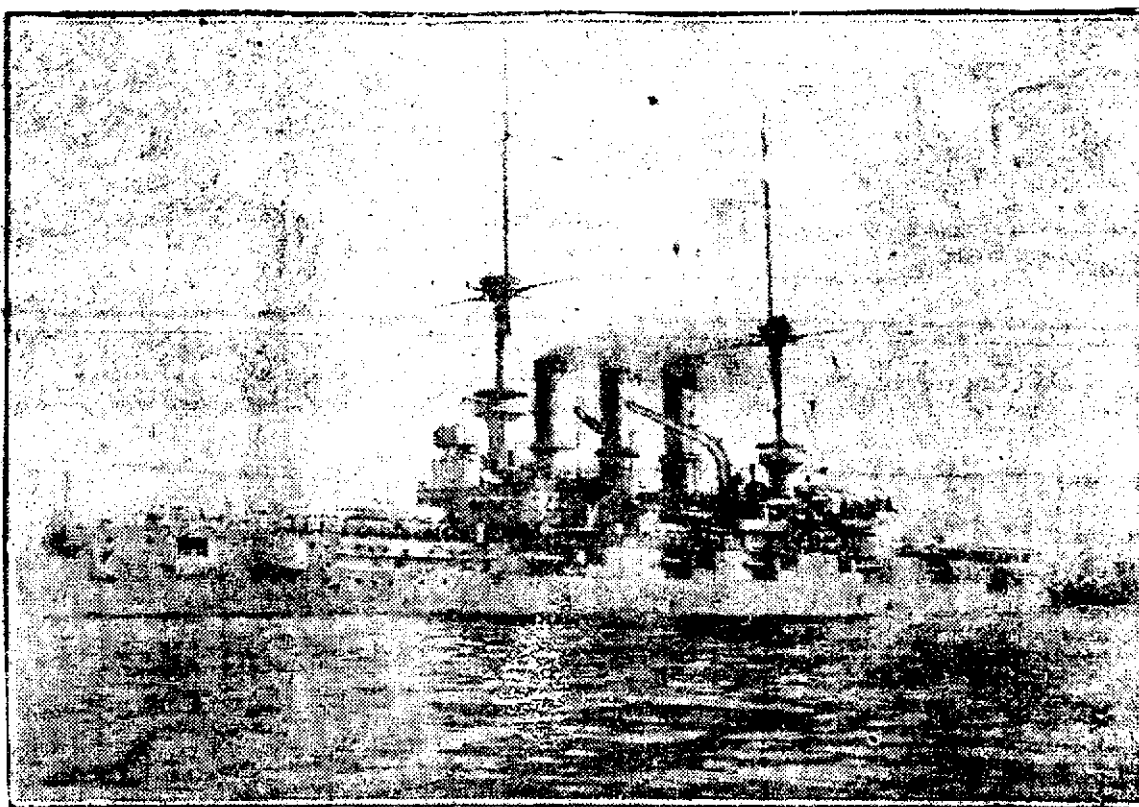
"Well, what, man, what?" he demanded. He feared that the girl might be dead. Anything that could upset Lanstron in this fashion struck a chord of sympathy and apprehension.

Lanstron, advanced to the table, pressed his hands on the edge, and, now master of himself, began an account of Mart's offer. Partow's formless arms lay inert on the table, his stiff, pudgy fingers outspread on the map and his bulk settled deep in the chair, while his eagle eyes were seeing through Lanstron, through a mountain range, into the eyes of a woman and a general on the veranda of an enemy's headquarters. The plan meant giving, giving in the hope of receiving much in return. Would he get the return?

"A woman was the ideal one for the task we trusted to Feller," he mused. "a gentlewoman, big enough, adroit enough, with her soul in the work as no paid woman's could be! There seemed no such one in the world!"

"But to let her do it!" gasped Lanstron.

"It is her suggestion, not yours? She



THIS CRUISER IS MNEMESIS OF BRITISH TRADING VESSELS.
The cruiser Emden which, it is off lately announced by the British war office, sent five more English trading vessels to the bottom in the Indian Ocean. The English merchantmen were the Tumeric, King Lud, Riberia and Foyle and the collier Bursak.

offers herself? She wants no persuasion?" Partow asked sharply.

"Entirely her suggestion," said Lanstron. "She offers herself for her country—for the cause for which our soldiers will give their lives by the thousands. It is a time of sacrifice."

Partow raised his arms. They were not formless as he brought them down with sledge-hammer force to the table. "Your tendon of Achilles? My boy, she is your sword-arm!" His sturdy forefinger ran along the line of frontier under his eye with little staccato leaps. "Eh?" he chuckled significantly, finger poised.

"Let them up the Bordir road and on to redoubts 36 and 37, you mean?" asked Lanstron.

"You have it! The position looks important, but so well do we command it that it is not really vital. Yes, the Bordir road is her bait for Westerling!" Partow waved his hand as if the affair were settled.

"But," interjected Lanstron, "we have also to decide on the point of the main defense which she is to make. Westerling thinks is weak."

"Hm-m!" grumbled Partow. "That is not necessary to start with! We can give that to her later over the telephone, can't we, eh?"

"Was asked for it now."

"Why?" demanded Partow with one of his shrewd, piercing looks.

"She did not say, but I can guess," explained Lanstron. "She must put all her cards on the table; she must tell Westerling all she knows at once. If she tells him piecemeal it might lead to the supposition that she still had some means of communication with the Browns."

"Of course, of course!" Partow spat the flat of his hand resoundingly on the map. "As I decided the first time I met her, she has a head, and when a woman has a head for that sort of thing there is no beating her. Well—" he was looking straight into Lanstron's eyes. "Well, I think we know the point when we could draw them in on the main line, eh?"

"Up the avon of the approach from the Engadir valley. We yield the advance redoubts on either side."

"Meanwhile, we have massed heavily behind the redoubt. We retake the advance redoubts in a counter-attack and—"

Partow brought his fist into his palm with a smack.

"Yes, if we could do that! If we could get them to expend their attack there!" put in Lanstron very excitedly for him.

"We must! She shall help!" Partow was on his feet. He had reached across the table and seized Lanstron's shoulders in a powerful if flesh-padded grip. Then he turned Lanstron around toward the door of his bedroom and gave him a mighty slap of affection. "My boy, the brightest hope of victory we have is holding the wire for you. Tell her that a bearded old beehemoth, who can kneel as gracefully as a rheumatic rhinoceros, is on both knees at her feet, kissing her hands and trying his best, in the name of mercy, to keep from breaking into rhapsody of his own composition."

Back at the telephone, Lanstron, in the fervor of the cheer and the enthusiasm that had transported his chief, gave Mart Partow's message.

"You, Mart, are our brightest hope of victory!"

"Yes?" the monosyllable was detached, dispassionate. "A woman

can be that!" she exclaimed in an uncertain tone, which grew into the distraction of clipped words and broken sentences. "A woman playing a woman acting the most revolting hypocrisy! Influences the issue between two nations! Her death deals in the lives of sons precious to fathers and mothers, the fate of frontiers, of institutions! Think of it! Think of machines costing countless millions—machines of flesh and blood, with their destinies shaped by one little bit of lying information! Think of the folly of any civilization that stakes its triumphs on such a gamble! Am I not right? Isn't it true? Isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, Mart! But—I—" If she were weakening it was not his place to try to strengthen her purpose. "It will the sooner end fighting, won't it, Lanny?" she asked in a small, tense voice.

"Yes."

"And the only real end that means real peace is to prove that the weak can hold back the strong from their threshold!"

"Yes."

Even now Westerling might be on the veranda, perhaps waiting for news that would enable him to crush the weak; to prove that the law of five pounds of human flesh against three, and five bayonets against three, is the law of civilization.

(To be Continued.)



SAYS GERMANY IS ENGLAND'S NATURAL ALLY.

London, Sept. 29.—In a remarkable interview just given out, Sir A. Conan Doyle, the novelist, declares Germany to be England's natural ally and not her foe.

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\$1.00 per quart.

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25 c per 1-2 pint.

R. C. Shaw Grocery Co.

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5 REELS—TO-NIGHT, OCT. 2nd

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AND AN INTERESTING REEL
"THE MAN WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD"

Bob Leonard and Ella Hall in
"The Mistress of Deadwood Basin"

And The Joker Comedy
"The Boarders Mishap"

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Michelin Auto Tires at Cost

This is the Opportunity You Have Been Looking For—
To Buy The Best Tire Made at the Dealer's Cost Price.

Texaco

A High-Grade Automobile Oil
60c

For a One-Gallon Can

This is a special introductory price,
as the oil alone sells at 60c
in barrel lots

The can is square and has a detach-
able spout—it is a 25c article—
all for 60c.

Oppo. Witmr Inn

HARDER'S GUN WORKS

Clearfield, Penn'a.



The instrument shown here
is the Victrola XVI, \$25.
Other styles \$10 to \$25.

The music of the Victrola is always enjoyable

After you have been motoring and enjoying the beauties of nature, you can come home and enjoy the beauties of song on the Victrola.

And when a stormy day comes along and you have to stay indoors, you will be doubly glad to have a Victrola. Stop in and we will play any music you wish to hear. We'll show you the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$200—and explain our system of easy terms.

W. F. FREDERICK PIANO CO.

E. E. SMITH, MANAGER



CLASSIFIED WANTS

Rate—One cent per word each insertion.
Minimum charge Ten Cents.
Positions Wanted Free. No charge will be made to persons desiring positions.
Phone Your Want-Ads.

HUSTLING man or woman under 50. Fraternal insurance. Protected territory. Big money. Write quick. I-L-U. 2470—Covington, Ky.

Pie Social.

The Pie Social which was to be held at Mt. Zion school house on Saturday night for the benefit of the school has been postponed to Friday October 2 9-22-64.

Help wanted—You can always secure the best kind of domestic or office help by using the Progress Classified ads.

LOST—One rear auto lamp along Market, Turnpike or Nichols streets. Return to Singer sewing machine office and receive reward.

LOST—Loose lead pencil, with name and address of owner on the inside. Valued as a gift. Finder please return same to Progress office.

PUBLIC SALE—Will sell all my household goods and furnishings at public sale at 1 P. M. October 14. 1313 Daisy street.

F. P. KABEL.

FOR SALE—1914 Two-Speed Tourist Standard Model Indian Motorcycle. Equipped with electric head and tail lights, storage batteries, electric horn, speedometer, tandem, filter, clock and full set tools. Machine run only 1,300 miles and is in perfect condition. Price \$225. Raymond D. Brett, 602 Daisy street. If

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Corner Progress and Market streets. \$25 1 w.

WANTED—Work by the day. I will go out to do washing. Call at Progress office.

LOST—Pair of nose glasses between Locust and Walnut streets. If found return to Progress office. \$1

LOST—Gold chain bracelet, between West Pine and Second streets. If found please return to the Progress office.

FOUND—On court house pavement, bunch of keys. Can be had by owner at Progress office by paying for this notice.

LOST—Baby's ring, with "C" between Sixth street and hospital, West Side. Finder report to Progress office and receive reward.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. 326 Fourth St. 1 w.

FOR SALE—Smith Premier typewriter, model No. 4. In excellent condition. A bargain at \$15.00. Raymond D. Brett, 307 Turnpike avenue.

Subscribe for The Progress.

Olive Typewriter Ribbons—the best on the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

anyone who
tures of the **Philipsburg Wreck**
ade by The Lubin Co., at Philipsburg, Sept. 7-8
HOUSE, FRIDAY OCT. 2
Afternoon and Evening

ELLIS FREEMAN,
Sole Owner Picture Rights for Penna.

RAILROAD NEWS

Items of Interest, Gathered Here and There, For The Boys Who Man The Trains

NEW YORK CENTRAL
MUST HONOR BOOKS

Formal announcement was made by the interstate commerce commission late Wednesday that it had declined to suspend tariffs of railroads operating in eastern trunk line territory providing for an increase in the charge for mileage passenger books from two cents to two and a quarter cents a mile, effective yesterday, October 1. Protests against the increase had been filed by many organizations and individuals.

The commission, however, suspended tariffs filed by the New York Central lines, under which mileage books sold prior to October 1 on a basis of two cents a mile would not be honored for transportation after that date.

The suspended tariffs provided that the unused portions of the books would be redeemed by the selling lines at the purchase price. The com-

mission viewed these tariffs as a violation of contract and therefore suspended them until January 29, 1915, pending an investigation.

Steel Cars Increase.

Statistics show that only a little more than 3 per cent. of the passenger equipment turned out last year were of wooden construction. In the coming year all passenger cars must be steel, according to government regulation. In the four years ended January 1, 1913, steel passenger coaches increased in number from 629 to 3,271 and steel underframe cars from 873 to 3,296 each of the former costing about \$13,000.

While the first cost means large expenditure for new cars, their durability means a saving in the end, both because the cars themselves last longer and through the reduction in claims through loss accidents.

Woman Goes on Honor Roll.

A woman who has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad

system longer than 30 years—Ellen Brady, a matron, of Chicago—was placed on the road's "roll of honor," the pension list, it was announced in New York yesterday. She is one of 53 employees whom the road has retired. Heading the list were Henry T. Rambo a tank repairman of Philadelphia, in the road's service for 50 years, and five months, and Cornelius Kennedy, extra gang foreman of Cleveland, employed for 50 years and two months.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons—of the best of the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60¢ per roll, remitt 65¢ and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

Chicken and Waffle supper Wednesday evening from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Supper 30 cents. Everybody welcome. The New Central Restaurant. 101

Subscribe for The Progress.

Dancing Cap of Flitter Silver



SINCE the introduction of dancing caps, which made their debut along with the strenuous tango, ribbons and lace, nets and gauzes, have been fashioned in unending variety into caps for the dancing girl. And now that we have gold and silver tissues, silver beaded nets, and gauzes striped with silver, designers have been quick to seize upon these new fabrics and to make alluring head decorations of them.

These little caps are also to be worn to the theater and called "opera caps" as well as "dancing caps." They are worn with fancy neckpieces of ostrich feathers with ribbons. A cap and neckpiece like those illustrated here are wonderfully effective and brilliant.

For decorating evening caps of this kind tassels of silver or gold filigree, or little balls, are used. To add a little touch of color small flowers of silk or satin ribbon are most often employed. But the matter of decoration

gives much scope to the individual fancy.

Since the materials of which the caps are made are so brilliant one should be careful to use very little in the way of trimmings on them.

The popularity of caps of this kind is assured. They are more brilliant than any coiffure. They do not have to be removed at the theater, and at the dance they keep the hair in place. But above all they are amazingly becoming, as full of dash and brilliance as a diamond.

Ostrich neckpieces are not very long and are made up in white and all the light colors, and in the natural colors. The latter are more generally useful than others because they are suitable for afternoon wear as well as for evening.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Berlin doctors have named a new disease "tango foot" and attributed it to that dance.

ELY'S CREAM BALM OPENS CLOGGED
NOSTRILS AND HEAD--CATARRH COEE

Instantly Clears Air Passages: You Breathe Freely, Nasty Discharge Stops, Head Colds and Dull Headaches Vanish.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm." Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

Get such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of

the nostrils, penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which fires the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing, Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucus dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

AMUSEMENTS

An Excellent Offering.

Probably no more pretentious offering has been scheduled for the present dramatic season than the new and massive scenic production of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," which will be the attraction at New opera house on Tuesday night.

Not since the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was presented has there been a book-play offered to theatres that rivals in importance this dramatization of Harold Melt Wright's thrilling novel of rugged life in the southwest. The stage version is by Mark Swann and keeps closely in touch with the characters and theme of the novelist. Seats now on sale.

"Seven Hours in New York" It's a pleasure to announce the coming of a really worthy entertainment. We are led to believe, judging from advance reports received, that the musical play "Seven Hours in New York" will prove to be worthy of patronage. The play is said to be well written with a light, consistent plot. Much stress is laid on the merit of the songs which abound during the action of the play. There is a fine company, a large and well drilled chorus, and a complete scenic production. We are of the opinion that "Seven Hours in New York" will prove enjoyable to all who attend. The date here is Friday evening, Oct. 9.

FRENCH PRESIDENT'S WIFE A
WAR NURSE

Mrs. Poincare, wife of the French president, who is spending 4 hours of each day acting as a Red Cross nurse to the wounded soldiers in the hospital of Bordeaux.

WANTED, WORK:—Young man of good character, strictly sober, would like steady position of any kind. Best of reference. Address B. care Progress.

The Clearfield Progress

Pure Food Directory

EVERY ARTICLE ADVERTISED IN THIS DEPARTMENT IS GUARANTEED PURE

HIGH TIME to
DRINK
Pure Coffee

A selected blend of CHOICE COFFEES in moisture and just proof packages.

Try our
Old Master 40c lb.
Avon Club 38c lb.
San Marto 35c lb.
Koban 30c lb.
ROSS & WOODS
Market Street Clearfield, Pa.

BUTTER
PURE AS
the
LILY

Made from the purest milk and packed in dust proof tubs and wrappers

The only store in Clearfield selling the pure Bradford Creamery Butter.

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PURE
WHOLESOME
CANDY

Bon Bobs and Chocolates

Made from the purest

The Sugar Bowl

The Home of Pure, Wholesome Home Made Candy

HEALTH
INSURANCE
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Clean Milk

Ideal for the Baby and Table

This space for Sale to some live Milk Man.



for HOME USE

Made with pure ingredients and protected against dust and dirt. Absolutely pure. Just the dish for a tasty desert.

Also try our Delicious Sodas and Sundaes made with this Ice Cream

ANNA M. CUNEO
Market and Third Sts.



A Choice Line of
Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb
and Poultry

Clearfield Cash Meat Market
Henry Imdorf



GEO. H. LUM,

DUBOIS, PA.
Manufacturer's Agents for Pennsylvania.



Fresh Every Morning

Pure, Clean Meats
Government Inspected

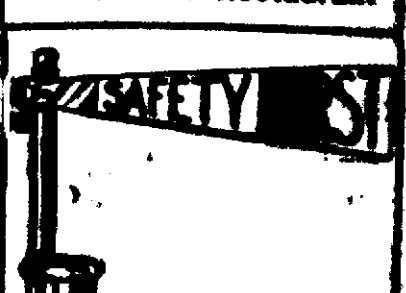
At Jordan's Restaurant



This Space for Sale to some Live Business Man



This Space for Sale



This Space for Sale to Any Live Milk Dealer



INSIST ON RECEIVING THE ARTICLE
ADVERTISED---ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE---IF YOUR GROCER HAS NOT
GOT IT, MAKE HIM GET IT FOR YOU.



Sweet Cider

For Sale

By Gallon, Keg or Barrell

Also

Boiled Cider

HESS' CIDER MILL

FOURTH STREET,
Clearfield, Penna.



Victrola VI, \$25
Other styles \$15 to \$20

You are never at a loss for entertainment when there is a Victrola in your home.

It enables you to hear the world's best music whenever and as often as you wish.

Shieeer's Music House
28 N. Second St.
Clearfield, Penna.

WAR MAPS FOR
PROGRESS READERS

Valuable Aids to Understanding of European Situation

A HANDSOME PIECE OF WORK

With These Maps the Public Can Tell at a Glance the Location of the Cities and Towns Where the Belligerent Nations are Struggling for Supremacy—How Maps May be Procured.

In keeping with its determination to give the readers of the Progress the latest and best news of the great European war, the management of this paper has decided to distribute to the public at a nominal cost to the people an official map of the territory in which the big armies of the warring powers are fighting. With the aid of this map the citizen can trace accurately the movements of the armies and discover the scenes of battles as reported day by day in the news columns of the Progress.

This map is large, is printed in color, with the names and locations of the towns and cities, and has ever known, not one of these maps at once.

situation in the war zone. The map was originally made in Europe by the war process, at once expensive and complete, and has been reproduced in this country on copperplate. The type is clear and the places sought by the man who is after information regarding the war are plainly marked. On the back of this map is to be found the latest and most authentic information regarding the nations now engaged in the conflict.

The Progress has been able to procure a number of these maps for distribution to those who wish to have an intelligent conception of the great event which is happening in Europe. To secure one of these maps the reader will cut the coupon from another page of this paper and present it, with ten cents, at the counter of the business office of the Progress and one of the maps will be handed to him. As the number of copies of the map which the Progress was able to get is limited it will be well for those who wish copies to call early.

The maps will be sent by mail either in town or out of town, and will prove a valuable aid to those who wish to learn more about the war. If you wish to keep one of these maps, get one of these maps at once.

NEW OPERA HOUSE THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6
ONE NIGHT ONLY

THE GREATEST BOOK PLAY EVER PRODUCED

THE WINNING
OF BARBARA WORTH

THRILLS
LOVE THROBS
HUMOR

Seats Now On Sale at the Box Office. Call H. & C. Phone

PRICES: - 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00

PERSONAL

Miss Kate Cutler is visiting Mrs. Charlie Rishel, of Brockwayville.

Florence Faulkner, of Philipsburg, was a Clearfield visitor yesterday.

W. L. Calkins, of DuBois, transacted business at the court house today.

Miss Larue Sydie, of Mahaffey, was the guest of Clearfield friends yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McCreery, of New Millport, were in town, yesterday.

Mrs. B. P. Williams, of Granpian, spent the morning shopping in Clearfield.

'Harry Faust, of Washington, D. C., was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Rev. G. F. Snyder, of Altoona, is secretary of the Allegheny synod now meeting here.

Mrs. Tobias and daughter, Mrs. John Boag, are visiting friends in Curwensville.

A. D. Houck, general manager of the Altoona Tribune, is attending the Lutheran Synod.

Postmaster Blake W. McCracken, of Mahaffey, was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Carl Patchia and John McKeage, of Burnside, attended the show here on Wednesday evening.

Clint Hockman, of Mount Union is a delegate to the Lutheran synod in session here this week.

Miles Krumbine and Mr. Gafferty, Altoona, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Row during synod.

Philip and Harry Dotts, of Ironva, spent Wednesday at the home of their sister, Mrs. Logan McGarvey.

Mrs. David May, of Clearfield street, spent the day with her sister, Mrs. Frank Leech, in Curwensville.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reed and son Charles, of McGees Mills, were the guests of Clearfield friends yesterday.

Miss Helen Lingle, of Tacoma, Washington, is the guest of Miss Louis Denning, at her home on Second street.

Mrs. H. S. Butler, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Alice Mossop, has returned to her home in Huntsville, Tenn.

Mrs. James Holter and daughter, Miss Ackley, of Morgantown, West Virginia, were guests of Mrs. W. E. Phillips on Thursday.

REHEARSAL OF PICTURE OF PHILPSBURG WRECK

There was a rehearsal of the Philipsburg wreck pictures at the New opera house this morning. A small audience watching the development of the pictures with great delight. The Lubin film company certainly made the most of the Philipsburg celebration of Labor Day. The entire show is an excellent one. The pictures of the parade were clean-cut and very interesting, showing the various features in a manner that recalled the event most vividly. "Scenes in Houtzdale, the hold-up and the activities of the train on the Philipsburg and Susquehanna railroad were depicted in a very adequate and pleasing manner.

The great wreck was true to life. The two engines with their trains came together with a rush, the cars and other rolling stock being crushed to splintered wood and twisted iron. This scene is very realistic, and those who saw the pictures this morning could not but be convinced that the film makers were right on the spot at the time.

The subsequent scenes around the wreck were due to the rescue of the wounded and the carrying away of the dead impressed their vividness upon the spectator. The acting of Arthur Johnson and others of the company was splendidly done and the whole performance was as thrilling as anyone might wish it to be. No doubt the opera house will be filled tonight with people who will want to see these magnificent pictures.

In the pictures the Fifth Regiment band and a number of Clearfielders are to be seen, thus giving local color and increasing local interest in the entertainment.

Firemen's Meeting.

Regular meeting Clearfield Fire Department this (Friday) evening in No. 1 hall. All firemen please attend.

A. P. Spangler, Sec.

SOCIAL

Ed. Leitzinger entertained the employees of Leitzinger Bros. at the bungalow last evening.

FOR SALE—A kind gentle driving horse. Reasonable price. Singer Sewing Machine Co.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy BIG LOAF

VON KLUCK SAVED BY REINFORCEMENTS

(Continued from Page One)

sides in the battle of the Aisne, which began on September 12, the result is still undecided.

The French war office still makes no mention of the report that the Germans are retreating, although unofficial news from the front states that the Germans are retiring in large numbers toward Belgium.

Terrific Battle Now Raging.

A terrible battle is now raging in the vicinity of Roye, west of the Oise river, where the Germans have concentrated their heaviest forces, according to an official announcement from the war department this afternoon.

The line of battle seems to be extending more and more toward the north, indicating that the French left wing is maintaining its success in the movement having for its purpose the enveloping of General von Kluck's army.

Try to Construct a Bridge.

The fighting has even reached the district south of Arras. The Germans operating against the French right wing today attempted to hurriedly construct a bridge over the Meuse, but the French destroyed it.

The official statement says: "On our left the battle continues with great violence, notably in the region of Roye, where the Germans are concentrating. The action is extending more and more to the north. On the Meuse the Germans attempted to build a bridge near St. Mihiel, to replace a bridge destroyed over night.

"In the Woëvre region our offensive continues and we advance step by step notably in the region between Apremont and St. Mihiel."

ALLEGHENY SYNOD NOW IN SESSION

(Continued from Page One)

fession and absolution and emphasized the necessary ridding our life of heaven bread as thoroughly as the Jew rids his house of it, before taking communion.

Rev. C. R. Allenbach made an address of welcome and an announcement upon the fact that this synod here was ancient history, it being 30 years since a synod had met in Clearfield, and said that this synod was to be the brightest spot in the history of the church thus far. He extended a hearty greeting to all the brethren of the synod and to everybody to attend every session.

GERMANS SILENCE 2 FORTS AT ANTWERP

west, but the fury of these attacks is apparently diminishing, indicating that the French are withdrawing south or attempting a flanking movement."

The latest statement also declares that the Germans have made 2000 200 Russian officers, including 18 generals.

Belgians Flee to Holland.

Ghent, Oct. 2.—Hundreds of the citizens of Antwerp are fleeing across the border into Holland. Communication between Antwerp and the outside world is cut off to the southeast and southwest.

Instead of proclaiming a formal siege the Germans' purpose is evidently to try to batter down the forts on the south.

The fighting centers along the Scheldt river, near Ternoude. The Germans are making fearful assaults on the Antwerp defenses, apparently intending to force a quick, decisive conflict with the Belgian army.

Many Germans Killed.

London, Oct. 2.—Anxiety over the situation in Antwerp was partially relieved today by a press bureau announcement that "news from Antwerp says its position is excellent."

The German dead near Mavre St. Catherine can be counted by thousands. Entire companies were decimated.

Real Estate Transfers.

Joramah H. Lute to George Wild-

man, land in Bell \$1

Caroline Owens to Jennie Owens

land in Curwensville \$75

Hers of Caroline Owens to Jennie

Owens, land in Curwensville. \$600.

Edmund Ardary to Jennie Owens

land in Curwensville. \$135

Rebecca Zeigler to Mike Valskie,

land in Munson. \$1100.

Andrew Peterson to William Den-

shan, land in Morris. \$5.

D. C. Burkett to James Palmer,

land in Bradford. \$175

William Norton to James Walsh

land in Morris. \$77.

Charles C. Logan to W. F. Logan

land in DuBois. \$2500

Giuseppa Piazza to Anthony An-

nic, land in DuBois. \$1

Elizabeth Phelps to Adam Banks

land in Cooper. \$200

ADVENTURES OF LOST SOLDIERS

(Continued from 1st page.)

ly above a kind of flimsy, shining paper which floated about and by its reflection gave to German gunners their range and direction.

"This same man told me that almost the whole of his battery—the 124th of R. F. A.—was left dead at Namur. While the guns were in position with gun-pits on the right, a greatly superior body of German artillery came up and shelled them from the left. They were obliged to swing their guns around in the open while under heavy fire. Knowing that but few could escape, the gunners shook hands and got to work.

"Finally the major in command was obliged to order the few remaining men of the battery to make their guns useless and save themselves. He himself was killed almost immediately afterwards, as was the captain attached to the battery. 'I shook hands with my pal, Nobby Clark' said my informant 'and a minute afterwards he was dead. We made the guns useless and with four or five others I managed to escape to the rear.'

"During the battle at Namur, a British officer discovered that the Germans were locating British positions from a church steeple near by. He gave an order and a well-aimed shot from a British gun demolished the steeple.

"The outstanding point of the German advance is its rapidity and suddenness. Some of the West Kents were actually on bathing parade when the Germans surprised them. In this condition, with towels and soap instead of rifles and bayonets, they fell an easy prey, and from 200 to 300 were killed or lying wounded in the space of a few minutes.

"That the Germans had been committing atrocities I am certain, having seen and talked with Frenchmen whose left ears were all cut off on the battlefield; but there are other stories told by the wounded soldiers of which no first hand confirmation can be obtained.

"I saw some terrible scenes at the station when a trainload of wounded arrived. All the sufferers were smiling, however, except a few who were too weak even to do that.

"A British officer lay with a number of privates in a truck minus his right arm and left leg. He was quite happy, he said, but he wanted some coffee. Many of the spectators at once rushed off, and returned soon afterwards with jugs and even pails of coffee and cider, besides fruit and cigarettes.

"I've done my bit' said a soldier without a left arm 'and now I'm going to lie in bed until they send for me to be kaiser of Germany.'"

PRESBYTERIAN OF HUNTINGTON

(Continued from Page One)

minute on the death of Hon. James A. Beaver.

New business.

Report of committee on systematic benevolence.

Conference on men's work and evangelism, the Rev. H. W. Heber presiding.

Reports of standing committees.

Tuesday Evening.

A public meeting will be held at 7:30, the Rev. Samuel Barber presiding, to be addressed by the Rev. R. P. Miller in the interests of the Presbyterian missions, and by the Rev. William Hiram Foulks, D. D., LL. D., in the interests of relief and sanitation, the offering to be devoted to the former cause.

Appointment of place for next meeting.

Report of committee on leave of absence.

Adoption of resolution of thanks.

Approval of minutes.

Adjournment.

OBITUARY

Vernie Rader died at the DuBois hospital at 7:30 this morning. Deceased had relatives living in Clearfield.

IN THE MOVIES

THE PHILPSBURG WRECK AT OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT

Did you see the wreck at Philipsburg September 3? Whether you did or not, you will surely not miss the Lubin film made that day and the day before. They show the wreck just as it happened the two engines meeting each other while going at a terrific rate and the resulting smash. The pictures have an advantage over the actual wreck as they show the dramatic part of the story which their actors acted out for the film. Of course these people were not in the train when the wreck occurred but they add interest to the film because they have been made to look as though they were victims of the disaster. The reel also shows the massed band under the leadership of Dr. Leopold, of Clearfield, and the great parade in Philipsburg on Labor day, led by our own famous Fifth Regiment band. This is one of the leading features at the opera house this evening.

"The Man Who Was Misunderstood" is the story of a soldier who asked out an ex-lunatic by playing his fiddle on the street corners, accompanied by his dog, who is his best friend and constant companion. To the idle rich the dog is a luxury and a plaything, but to the man in the thralls of poverty he is a friend and companion. This interesting reel film will be shown at the opera house this evening.

"The Mistress of Deadwood Hall" is a Rex drama featuring Bob Leonard and Ella Hall, shown at the opera house this evening. Eve-line Danvers an heiress, finds that her lumber camp is mismanaged by a rascally foreman, who tyrannizes over the men. With the help of Sanderson, a giant lumberman, she establishes justice.

"The Boarder's Mishap" is a Joke comedy which you will enjoy at the opera house this evening.

CURWENSVILLE

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger, Jr.

Miss Mary Shearer spent yesterday in Clearfield.

Charles Sweeney left yesterday for Altoona.

H. B. Thompson spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Miss Austa Gardlock shipped in Clearfield yesterday.

Mrs. J. S. Richards, who has been visiting in Chambersville and Punxsu-

'THE AWARD OF JUSTICE' A HEART-THRILLING STORY

"Making Him Over for Manie" is an Essanay comedy that is well worth seeing at the Globe this evening.

"Ribbons and Boxing Gloves" is a farce comedy that will make you laugh until you will lose the grocerly feeling at the Globe this evening.

Mary Fuller featuring in the series "Dolly of the Dailies" is at her best at the Globe this evening.

"The Award of Justice" is a story of a young evangelist who reforms the leader of a gang of ruffians and gains their enmity. The gang uphold him and he is sent to prison for life, but by the aid of friendly escapes and goes into the forest to live. Later in life he marries the widow of the man whom he had reformed and is living peacefully when the man who sent him to prison, now a prominent politician, comes into the mountain country where he lives and resolves to send him back to prison. He goes to the justice of the peace and tells his story. The justice happens to be the evangelist's brother, but does not say so. They go to the cabin in the mountain to identify the man, and the brother swears that he is not the man they are looking for and the politician is satisfied with the answer. See the pictures at the Globe.

"A Fugitive from Justice" is the story of a man who gave his life for his brother, claiming he has committed a crime that the brother really committed so that the brother could marry the girl he loved. He is sent to prison but escapes, but justice follows him to the mountain, or seemingly justice, but the brother confesses the son on his deathbed and all ends happily. At the Globe this evening.

Subscribe for The Progress.

Lawney the last two weeks, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. S. C. Wilson, Mrs. M. R. Porter and Mrs. G. H. Clark are attending a W. C. T. U. convention at OH City.

Some of the people that spent yesterday at the DuBois fair are as follows: Curtis Porter, Clayton Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Leih, V. U. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hile, J. P. Robinson, Mose Norris, William Mumma, Ord Norris, James Thompson, Sam Calico, Mr. and Mrs. Winters Broom, George Sautelle, Miss Milor McClure, Mrs. D. R. Flemming, Miss Anna Smith, Tom Norris, William Smith, Miss Roxie and Marion Kendall, and Mr. and Mrs. Dine Bloom.

A. W. Leonardson Co.

A. W. Leonardson Co.

"MADE IN AMERICA" WEEK

Visit The Store Again Before The Event Closes Saturday Night.

Saturday night will wind up one of the most gratifying weeks in the history of our store. It has been very gratifying to us to spread among the dwellers of our community a better understanding of the vastness and importance of American industries. The large amount of American-made goods sold has also been very gratifying to us as it will play an important part in keeping American factories running and American workers busy on full time.

Before the event closes Saturday night we want all who have been here to visit the store again. An event of the educational importance of "Made In America" Week is exceedingly rare and we want you to make the most of it while you can. Come!

A. W. Leonardson Co.

NEW OPERA HOUSE, FRIDAY, OCT. 2ND, ONLY

In The Afternoon From 2 to 5

In the Evening Starting at 7

"LABOR DAY PARADE AND TRAIN COLLISION"

Taken at Philipsburg, Sept. 7 and 8. By The Lubin Film Co.

See the local people, The Fifth Regiment Band, The Different Floats and Organizations. Then see the Two Engines Crash into each other and the crowds that witnessed the spectacle.

ADMISSION,

25 CENTS



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New Central Restaurant

NOOLAS BROS., Proprietors

Daily Special: Meals 25c

Dinner 10:30 to 2:30 Supper 5 to 8 Short Meals 20c

Special Breakfast every morning: Hot cakes, bread and butter, coffee, potatoes, beans and steak. 20c.

FOR QUICK SERVICE FOR CLEAN COOKING FOR THE FINEST DISHES

GO TO New Central Restaurant, 18 Second Street. Clearfield, Pa.

SPECIAL SALE

O-Cedar Polish Mops

FOR

Fall House Cleaning

For a Limited Time we Offer The \$1.50 Size for \$1.25 The \$1.00 Size for 75c SEE WINDOW

O-Cedar Polish Mops are so well and favorably known that a detailed description is scarcely necessary, however, we shall be glad to mail descriptive circulars upon request.

Telephone Orders Receive Careful Attention.

Clearfield Hardware Co., 125 Market St.

War Map Coupon

Latest European War Map

Given Away By The Progress

Every reader presenting four coupons and 10 cents to cover postage.

By MAIL—In city or outside, 12c. Stamps, cash or money order. This is the BIGGEST VALUE EVER OFFERED. Latest 1914 European Official Map 15 color. Portraits of European Rulers, all statistics and war data. Army, Naval and Aerial Strength. Population. Area, Capital, Distances between Cities, History of Nations Involved. Previous Battles, Battles, History, Hague Peace Conference, National Debt, Coal, Values.

VON KLUCK SAVED BY REINFORCEMENT

SHIFTING OF TROOPS
PREVENT COMPLETE
RIGHT WING DEFEAT

Germans at That on The
Battle Line Renew
Their Attacks

HEAVIEST FIGHTING IN VICINITY OF ROYE

Germans Concentrating Their Forces, But the Battle Line Seems to be Moving Farther to the North, Indicating That the Kaiser's Army is in Actual Retreat—French Advance Step by Step in Their Forward Movement—General von Kluck Has Been Compelled to Change the Plan of His Campaign—Germans Prevented From Building a Bridge Over the Meuse, Destroyed by the French.

(By International News Service)
Paris, Oct. 2.—Reinforcements which were shifted to his badly battered army from the German end of the battle line has enabled General von Kluck, on the right wing, to make violent attacks on the forces of the allies in efforts to pierce the left wing of the French and British in an attempt to cut off the French troops south of the river Somme.

Where Fighting is Heaviest.
The heaviest fighting is raging in the vicinity of Roye and along the front from Reims to Compiègne. The German artillery continues to pour shells into the ranks of the French with amazing vigor, their supply of ammunition being apparently inexhaustible.

Von Kluck's Offensive Abandoned
It was learned from a wireless message that was intercepted at General von Kluck has discarded his offensive move program. The message also states that the Germans have come unexpectedly in contact with "black" fighters, probably the Hindus which joined the allies on Tuesday.

Battle Still Indecisive.
Despite the terrific efforts of both (Continued on Page Eight.)

To Settle
Mexican
Disputes

Agua Calientes, Mexico, Oct. 2.—Definite agreement to cease all troop movements immediately and to call the greatest possible number of constitutional chiefs together here on October 5, preparatory to a general convention October 10, was agreed upon Wednesday at the first conference between Villa and the Carranza peace commissioners.

The purpose of the convention on October 10 is to interchange ideas about settling the Carranza-Villa dispute and re-establishing order throughout the republic.

From information available here it appears that he call for a general conference is for all constitutional chiefs who can reach the city before October 10. Furthermore it would seem that enough of them are expected to be here by October 5 to begin at least informal conferences by that time.

Automobile Struck by
Engine at Uniontown

(By International News Service)
Uniontown, Pa., Oct. 2.—One person was killed, one fatally injured and two seriously hurt when a Baldwin locomotive engine crashed into an automobile that was stalled at the Fayette street crossing.

The dead: Mrs. Matilda Bridges, aged 72, Franklio, Pa.
Fatally hurt: Mrs. W. S. Craft (Mrs. Bridges's sister).
Seriously hurt: Ewing Townshend and wife, Uniontown.



FIRST PICTURE OF JAPANESE TROOP MOVEMENTS.

This photo is the first to be received in this country from Japan since the declaration of war on Germany. It shows a troop of Japanese soldiers marching through the streets of Tokyo before embarking for Tsingtau to take part in the operations against the German's Chinese stronghold.

ADVENTURES OF
LOST SOLDIERS

Two Britishers Left Behind After
the Battle at Namur

TRIED TO SAVE MACHINE GUN

Relate Interesting Incidents of Their Experiences on the Way to Rouen—Why the Germans are Able to Make Their Artillery Fire So Deadly—Soldiers in Bathing When Attacked.

(By International News Service)
Paris, Oct. 2.—A correspondent just returned from Rouen told me today how he found two "lost" British soldiers and succeeded in sending them back to their base at Saint Quentin. He said:

"While dining at a hotel I was surprised to see a British artilleryman and a private of the Bedfordshire walking solemnly up to the manager, take out a small card, and point silently to an inscription on it.

"The manager addressed them in voluble French, but they only shook their heads and said 'Parley pas.' A waiter was then instructed to give them a seat and fetch them food.

"After I had made friends they told me a strange tale of adventure. Both had fought at Namur, had taken part in the gradual retirement from the French frontier, and were present at the battles of Mons and St. Quentin.

"In the latter engagement the Bedfordshires suffered terrible losses, and my friend became parted from his comrades, his rifle and his equipment. In an unsuccessful effort to save a machine-gun.

"In the course of his subsequent wanderings he met a gunner of the R. F. A., also lost. The two found that the British forces had retreated to Ham, and that they were in the midst of Germans. The gunner suddenly remembered that he had a card on which was written everyday phrases in English, with their French equivalents. Armed with this, they went to a farm, and on entering pointed to the sentence, 'I am lost.' The kindly housewife hid them in a loft and gave them food and drink.

"When the Germans had left the district the Tommies were placed in a cart under some straw and driven away 20 miles further south. They were then set on the road and given directions by the driver, although as they understood no French they were not much wiser. Feeling hungry they went to a wayside inn, and pointed to the three items on the card: 'I am lost,' 'I am hungry,' and 'I am thirsty.'

"Again they received a substantial meal for nothing, and this time they were given a lift to a place they could not remember, where they were put in a train, after a free meal at the station hotel. They had to change twice before arriving at Rouen, but each time the magic card was an open sesame to hotels, cafes, and first-class railway carriages.

"They reached Rouen at dinner time and, following their usual custom, entered the most imposing hotel they could see, which proved to be the one where I was staying. I took them back to the station, and set them in a train for LeHavre.

"Before leaving, the artilleryman said that when he received a peacemaker he was going to make his name out of the war. 'I am lost,' 'I am hungry,' 'I am thirsty' surrounded by the French and British colors.

This man also told me of a clever use by the Germans, whereby they were able to pour deadly artillery fire on to the British positions. Two or three German aeroplanes went up, located the British trenches and batteries, and dropped from immediately (Continued on Page Eight)

DR. STOUGH TELLS DUBOIS
SOME OF ITS FAILINGS

DuBois, Oct. 2.—Again last night Dr. Stough appealed to the people to a strong sermon on the text, 'And no man careth for my soul.' The sermon was illustrative of the way that church members care naught for the souls of the outsiders.

Prof. Spooner, as usual, had the first part of the program for song service.

The lesson for the evening was the 142nd Psalm, beginning 'I cried unto the Lord with my voice.' He took as his text for the sermon the verse, 'And no man careth for my soul.'

In his discourse Dr. Stough said: 'You've done nothing for the young men in this town. You've let them drift into the saloons, pool rooms, dance halls, clubs where they do not find associations conducive to character and uprightness. The church of DuBois has not opened one solitary place for the recreation of young men and women.'

"A business man once said to me with a snarl, 'Don't talk church to me. They're always around when they want money to help 'em build, or buy an organ, or hold a supper. But no man among 'em ever asked me at all about my soul.'

"You, Mr. Business man of DuBois, are too cowardly to protest against sin. You're afraid of offending the saloon trade. You're afraid you will lose a few dollars.

"To one upward influence in DuBois there are five downward. It is a marvel that any boys and girls here are Christians. It is only because good fathers and mothers stand like rocks against evil influence all about them, that their children are growing up right.

"Some of you think DuBois is a little heaven. You get mad at me and say I am running down the town. You are living like persons in a closed room, where the air is being stealthily poisoned. You live by your musty conservatism while DuBois rocks to hell.

"You run your churches like a department store or a machine. You turn the crank and the preacher moves in or out. If he gets off the track and preaches a little evangelism, you turn the crank and he moves out faster.

"When I stop believing in hell I will get off the platform and never preach again."

After the conclusion of the sermon Dr. Stough gave the invitation to those knowing themselves to be in need of the Savior to come down front. Nearly four hundred responded to the call.

Adventist Services.
Elder R. J. Dowsett, of Tacoma, Wash., president of the West Pennsylvania conference, will preach in the Seventh Day Adventist church, on Merrill street, Oct. 2 and 7. 10-2-4.

Fine Lancaster Apples.
The editor of the Progress with two very fine apples which were among the first to come from Lancaster county, by his daughter, Mrs. Chaney.

AN ENGLISH NEWSPAPER
TAKES FLING AT AMERICANS

(By International News Service)
London, Oct. 1.—Diplomatic "conversations" have been opened by representatives of England, Holland and America with reference to cargoes that may be carried by neutral ships.

The "Times" drives a shaft at the American congress, referring to the discussion at Washington regarding the shipment of copper on neutral ships and the fact that England has held up such shipments. "It is more than probable that British authorities were justified in holding up this shipment," says the "Times."

"There is reason to believe that Krupp have been trying to get a shipment of much needed copper through certain neutral ports. It must be remembered that, friendly as American opinion is, one of the prime duties of every senator and representative is to beat time volubly to any complaints of their citizens. The American public is very sensitive about inviolability of American commerce."

SUDDEN DEATH ENDS
AN EVENTFUL CAREER

Mahaffey, Oct. 2.—Harry N. Widdowson, cashier of the Mahaffey National bank and associated with many of the industries in this section of the state, died unexpectedly at Reynoldsville, Pa., early Friday morning.

Mr. Widdowson was one of the best known business men of this section. He is survived by his wife, formerly Miss Murray, of Reynoldsville, and two children, Miss Olivia and Arthur at home.

TRINITY BROTHERHOOD
AT EDEN SERVICES

Nine of the Trinity Methodist brotherhood motored to Eden last evening and assisted in the special services being conducted there by the pastor of the church, Rev. Durkee. Able addresses were made by John McCurdy and H. B. Powell.

The members of the brotherhood who attended the meeting were: H. B. Powell, Samuel Powell, John Booth, F. A. McElvitt, R. G. Ross, W. B. Shope and Clark Fiegall.

Water Scarce at Morrisdale.
The scarcity of water is inconvenienting the residents of Morrisdale, and an effort will be made to procure a supply from the Waburne Water company.

Marriage Licenses.
Charles Blair, of Beccaria, and Rosanna Kelly, of Rosebud.
W. S. Thornbush and Marian H. Carboy, both of Union township.

Cupid Growing Lazy.
Only 35 marriage licenses were issued from Register and Recorder Reed's office in the month of September.

Mrs. A. L. Cole has returned from Baltimore, where she accompanied her daughter, Miss McJorie, who entered Peabody Institute.

GERMANS SILENCE TWO
FORTS AT ANTWERP

Bombardment of the City Continues, Zepelins Aiding the Artillery by Throwing Bombs

BERLIN HEARS OF GERMAN VICTORY

Official Statement Declares That The Kaiser's Troops Have Driven Back the French and Captured Two Cities—Defeat of French on the Oise River With Heavy Losses is Reported by the German War Office—Hundreds of Belgians Fleeing Across the Frontier into Holland—Germans Determined to Reduce the Forts and Take the City.

ALLEGHENY SYNOD
NOW IN SESSION

Meeting Being Held in the Remodeled Lutheran Church

ABOUT 150 DELEGATES HERE

Rev. L. P. Young Preaches a Strong Sermon at the Vesper Services Last Evening. Rev. E. C. Allenbach Delivers an Address of Welcome—Improved Church Edifice Elicits Praise.

The 74th convention of the Allegheny synod in the English Lutheran church opened last evening. With diligent work on the part of the members of the church which has been remodeled this year was in readiness for the meeting. The church now presents an appearance that was really worth the effort that it has taken this summer to remodel it. The new organ was used for the first time last evening. The system of indirect illumination is a marked improvement over the old way.

Last evening the vesper services were conducted by Revs. G. F. Snyder and H. W. Bender. The sermon was preached by the Rev. L. P. Young and the text used was "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed by silver and gold but by incorruptible things." In the course of his sermon Rev. Young said to the Jew the foundation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ is a stumbling block, to the Greek foolishness, but to the Christian man a precious jewel. Scarcely beauty and usefulness are things that make anything precious. Life is precious to one man, death to another. The sacrifice of Christ is an abiding one because it is a precious one. Rev. Young painted a vivid picture of the crucifixion of Christ and in conclusion said that in the ordinary sense of the word means strife and uncleanness; in religion it means peace. Christ vanquished the greatest of all foes when he died upon the cross and arose again. Who can not fight a vanquished foe.

Rev. H. S. Rhoads spoke on conclusion (Continued from Page 1.)

Russian
Successes
Continue

Petrograd, Oct. 2.—Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the armies in the field, announces continued success of the Russian attacks on the German invaders of Russian Poland, in the province of Suwalki.

Attempts by the Germans to cross the River Nieman and take the town of Osowice have failed after seven days of severe fighting and bombardment of the stronghold.

General Rennenkampf, who is besieging General von Hindenburg, now has nearly 1,000,000 men, and with this huge force is executing a movement to drive all Germans from Poland.

That he has been partly successful is indicated by the capture of the German positions on the Augustow-Kopciowa line. The Kaiser's troops have been driven out of the town of Augustow, and a battle now rages in the great pine forest, which is only four miles long and thirty-five miles wide.

Roosevelt Has Great
Ovation in Philadelphia

Philadelphia, Oct. 2.—Smashing blows at Penroseism, the blight upon Pennsylvania politics and the load which broke the back of the Republican party in the nation, were delivered last night in the speech with which Colonel Roosevelt opened the campaign in this city against Penrose and his corrupt political machine.

Five thousand men and women crowded the First Regiment armory to hear the colonel, and a throng estimated at 15,000 was unable to gain admission. The cheering and enthusiasm, as well as the tremendous outpouring of people, were on a par with the great demonstration in 1912, when Colonel Roosevelt spoke at the Metropolitan opera house.

From the moment of the colonel's arrival at the Reading Junction at 6:30, until his departure from Broad Street station at 10:30, he was surrounded by cheering throngs. The streets through which he passed were crowded with enthusiastic admirers, and thousands who were unable to get into the armory meeting waited for hours to give him a cheer at the railroad stations or as he passed to and from the meeting.

Colonel Roosevelt's strong endorsement of Gifford Pinchot as the man whom Pennsylvania should send to the senate in place of Penrose, and his praise of William Draper Lewis for his patriotic action in withdrawing from the gubernatorial race in favor of Vance C. McCormick, in order that the anti-machine forces seeking to reform the state government from the machine should not be divided, were strong features of his address.

The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAG GRATH

Illustrated from scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Theatrical Film Company

Copyright 1914, by Harold MagGrath

"I guess you're right. Well, count on me regarding that mysterious bundle in the safe."

"At three o'clock this afternoon I want you to call me up. If no one has called, why the game is up. But if some one does come around and make inquiries, don't tell me a word."

"I'll be here till five. I'd better call you up then."

Then Norton returned home and idled about till afternoon. He went over to Riverside. Five times he walked up and down the front of the Hargreave place, finally plucked up his courage and walked to the door. After all, he was a lucky mortal. He had a good excuse to visit this house every day in the week. And there was something tantalizing in the risk he took. Besides, he wanted to prove to himself whether it was a passing fancy or something deeper. That's the way with humans; we never see a sign "Fresh Paint" that we don't have to prove it.

He chatted with Florence for a while and found that, for all she might be guileless to the world, she was a good linguist, a fine musician, and talked with remarkable keenness about books and arts. But unless he roused her, the sadness of her position always lay written in her face. It was not difficult for him to conjure up her dreams in coming to the city and the blow which, like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky, had shattered them ruthlessly.

"You must come every day and tell me how you have progressed," she said.

"I'll obey that order gladly, whenever I can possibly do it. My visits will always be short."

"That is not necessary."

"No," said Norton in his heart, "but it is wise."

Always he found Jones waiting for him at the door, always in the shadow. "Well?" the butler whispered.

"I have laid a neat trap. Whether this balloon was the one that left the top of this house I don't know. But if there were two men in it, one of them was at the bottom of the sea."

"And the man found?" The butler's voice was tense.

"It was not Hargreave. I shot Oris but once, and as he wore a beard then, the captain's description did not tally with your recollection."

"Thank God! But what is this trap?"

"I propose to find out by it who is back of all this, who Hargreave's real enemies are."

Norton returned to his room, there to wait the call from Grannis. He was sorry, but if Jones would not take him into his fullest confidence, he must hold himself to blame for any blunder he (Norton) made. Of course, he could readily understand Jones' angle of vision. He knew nothing of the general run of reporters; he had heard of them by rumor and distrusted them. He was not aware of the fact that the average reporter carries more secrets in his head than a prime minister. It was, then, up to him to set about to allay this distrust and gain the man's complete confidence.

Meanwhile that same morning a pretty young woman boarded the Orient and asked to be left to the captain. Her eyes were red; she had evidently been weeping. When the captain, susceptible like all sailors, saw her his promises to Norton took wings.

"This is Captain Hagan?" she asked, holding the handkerchief she held in her hand.

"Yes, miss. What can I do for you?" He put his hands embarrassedly into his pockets—and felt the crisp bills. But for that magic touch he would have forgotten his face. He acquired his confidence.

"I have every assurance that the man you picked up at sea is my father. I am Florence Hargreave. Tell me everything."

The captain's very blundering deceived her. And then he hustled down the gang-plank and handed for that warehouse. He had a package which he was as tender of as if it had been dynamite.

"Thank you," impulsively.

"A man has to do his duty, miss. A sailor's always glad to rescue a man at sea," he replied.

When she finally went down the gangplank the sign the captain heaved was almost as loud as the exhaust from the donkey engines which were working out the struts of the boat from the hull.

"Maybe she is his daughter; but

two hundred is two hundred, and I'm a poor sailor man."

Then Grannis came in for his troubles. What was a chap to do when a pretty girl appealed to him?

"I am sorry, miss, but I can't give you that package. I gave the man a receipt and till it is presented to me the package must remain in yonder safe. You understand enough about the business to realize that. I did not collect the job. It was thrust upon me. I'd give a hundred dollars if the blame thing was out of my safe. You say it is your fortune. That hasn't been proved. It may be gunpowder, dynamite. I'm sorry, but you will have to find your father and bring the receipt."

The young woman left the warehouse, dabbing her eyes with the sudden handkerchief.

"I wonder," mused Grannis, as he watched her from the window, "I wonder what the deuce that chap Norton is up to. The girl might have been the man's daughter. . . . Good Lord, what an ass I am! There wasn't any man!" And so he reached over for the telephone.

Immediately upon receipt of the message the reporter set his machinery in motion. Some time before dawn he would know who the arch-conspirator was. He questioned Grannis thoroughly, and Grannis' description tallied amazingly with that of Florence Hargreave. But a call over the wire proved to him conclusively that Florence had not been out of the house that morning.

On the morrow the newspapers had search-heads about an attempt to rob the Duffy warehouse. It appeared that the police had been tipped beforehand and were on the grounds in time to gather in several notorious gunmen, who, under pressure of the third degree, vowed that they had been hired and paid by a man in a mask and had not the slightest idea what he wanted them to raid. Nothing further could be gotten out of the gunmen. That they were lying the police had no doubt, but they were up against a stout wall and all



"You Must Come Every Day and Tell Me How You Have Progressed."

they could do was to hold the man for the grand jury.

Norton was in a fine temper. After all his careful planning he had gained nothing—absolutely nothing. But wait; he had gained something—the bitter enemy of a cunning and desperate man, who had been forced to remain hidden under the pier till almost dawn.

CHAPTER IV.

The Flat on the Top Floor.

Braine crawled from his uncomfortable hiding place. His clothes were soiled and damp, his hat gone. By a hair's breadth he had escaped the clever trap laid for him. Hargreave was alive, he had escaped; Braine was as certain of this fact as he was of his own breathing. He now knew how to account for the flickering light in the upper story of the warehouse. His ancient enemy had been watch-

ing him all the time. More than this, Hargreave and the meddling reporter were in collusion. In the flare of lights at the end of the gun-play he had caught the profile of the reporter. Here was a dangerous man, who must be watched with the utmost care.

He, Braine, had been lured to commit an overt act, and by the latest good luck had escaped with nothing more serious than a cold chill and a failing disappointment.

He crawled about the top of the pier, listening, and his dark-eyebrowed glance hit the other. The sky in the east was growing paler and paler. In and out among the piles of wood, bags of coffee and boxes of wool, he slowly and cautiously worked his way. A watchman patrolled the upper side of the warehouse, and Braine found it painful to creep around the other way, thence into the street. After that he slipped and crawled up, sought a window-blind shop and purchased a soft hat, which he pulled down over his eyes.

He had half a dozen rooms which he always kept in readiness for such adventures as this. He rented them furnished in small hotels which never asked questions of their tenants. To one of these he went as fast as his weary legs could carry him. His silvery hair could carry him. Once in his room he changed from his stained apparel, shoes, and gloves. Then he proceeded downstairs, the automatic hand not shaking his eyes and the upper part of his face.

At half past twelve Norton entered the Knickerbocker cabaret-room, and the first person he noticed was Braine, reading the morning paper, propped up against the water-cooler. Evidently he had just entered. Norton was looking on his watch. Norton walked over and had his hand upon Braine's shoulder. The man looked up with mild curiosity.

"Why, Norton, sit down, sit down! Have you had lunch? No? Join me."

"Thanks. Came in for my breakfast," said Norton, drawing out his chair. Braine was sitting with his back to the wall on the lounge-seat.

"I wonder if you newspaper men ever eat a real, true enough breakfast. I should think the hours you lead would kill you off. Anything new on the Hargreave story?"

"I'm not handling that," the reporter lied cheerfully. "Don't want to. I know him rather intimately. I've a horror of dead people, and don't want to be called upon to identify the body when they find it."

"Then you think they will find it?"

"I don't know. It's a strange mixup. I'm not on the story, mind you; but I was in the vicinity of Duffy's warehouse late last night and fell into a gunman's trap."

"Yes, I read about that. What were they after?"

"You've got me there. No one seems to know. Some cock and bull story about there being something valuable. There was."

"What was it? The report in this paper does not say."

"Ten thousand bags of coffee," Braine lay back in his chair and laughed.

"If you want my opinion," said Norton, "I believe the gunmen were out to shoot up another gang, and the police got wind of it."

"Don't you think it about time the police called a halt in this gunman matter?"

"Oh, so long as they put each other the police look the other way. It saves a long trial and passage up the river. Besides, whenever they are nabbed some big political machines to open the door for them. Great is the American voter."

"Take Mr. Norton's order, Luigi," said Braine.

"A German panache, battered coat and coffee," ordered the reporter.

"Men eat something!"

"It's enough for me."

"And you'll go all the rest of the day on tobacco? I know something of you chaps. I don't see how you manage to do it."

"Food is the least of our troubles. By the way, may I ask you a few questions? Nothing for print, unless you've got a new book coming."

"Fire away."

"What do you know about the Princeton Postage?"

"Let me see. It's. Met her first about a year ago at a reception given to Naumova. A very attractive woman. I see quite a lot of her. Why?"

"Well, she claims to be a sort of aunt to Hargreave's daughter."

"She said something to me about that the other night. You never know where you're at in this world, do you?"

The German panache, the coat, the coffee disappeared, and the reporter passed his cigars.

"The president visits town today and I'm off to watch the show. I suppose I'll have to interview him about the tariff and all that sort. When you start on a new book let me know and I'll be your press agent."

"That's a bargain."

"Thanks for the breakfast."

(To Be Continued.)



VICTORIOUS BELGIANS PASSING THROUGH GHEENT IN PURSUIT OF FLEEING GERMANS. This photo was taken before the German troops, aided by reinforcements, forced the troops shown in this picture back on Antwerp, which city they are reported to be bombarding at this time.

CORRESPONDENCE

OSCEOLA MILLS.

The Desmond drum corps attended the Democratic rally at Philipsburg on Tuesday evening.

The Knights of the Golden Eagle, accompanied by the Osceola cornet band, attended the tabernacle services at Houtzdale on Tuesday evening, returned by special train after the service.

Mrs. F. H. McCully left on Wednesday for Oil City, where she will attend the state convention of the Women's Christian Union. The union at this place is increasing in numbers and influence.

The body of the late Dr. F. B. Read was brought here Wednesday evening and the funeral services were held at the home this afternoon at 2:30.

Miss Bella Hutchings is spending a few days with friends at Tyrone.

Advertise in The Progress.



\$10,000 Will Be Given Away

The Progress has just completed arrangements whereby one of its readers may be lucky enough to win a prize of \$10,000. This offer will be found in an announcement on page two, and is run in conjunction with the great serial photoplay which started at the Globe Theatre, Tuesday evening.

"The Million Dollar Mystery"

By Harold McGrath

Is the name of the play, and it will also run serially in the Progress every Thursday, Friday and Saturday. The first two installments, however, will be run throughout this week.

Tell any of your friends who may not be subscribers, so they may start at once.—Watch for first offer.

Are you reading the great war story now running in the Progress, and are all your friends and neighbors reading it? If not, you had better have the Progress sent to them.

"The Last Shot"

By Frederick Palmer

It is one of the greatest war serial ever written, and should not be missed by anyone. It is written by a former war correspondent and is very interesting during the present European war.

And still another treat for our readers is the great serial photoplay

"The Trey O'Hearts"

Which is shown every Wednesday evening at the Opera House, and appears in the Progress every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. This excellent story is by Louis Joseph Vance and has been called one of the best serials yet.

You can not afford to miss these great features, together with our down-to-the-minute telegraph service, and a good line-up of local and county news which are given you every day in

The Clearfield Progress

GLOBE

6 REELS TODAY

Extra Special Kalem Feature

Complete in 2 reels.

"The Award of Justice"

A strong drama

Essary Feature

"Making Himself Over For Minnie"

Comedy

Supernatural Feature

"Ribbons And Boxing Gloves"

Farce Comedy

THEATRE

SHOWING THE WORLD'S BEST

Feature Pictures

"Dolly of the Dailies"

"On The Heights"

Featuring Mary Fuller

Edison Pictures

"A Fugitive From Justice"

A Strong Picture

6 REELS ALL FEATURES TODAY

The Last Shot

By
FREDERICK PALMER

CHAPTER XV.

In Feller's Place.
What am I about to do? shot as forked shadows over the hot lava-flow of Mart's impulsive. The vitality that Westerling had felt by suggestion from a still profile rejoiced in a quickening of pace directly she was out of sight of the veranda. All the thinking she had done that afternoon had been in pictures; some saying, some cry, some, groan, or some smile went with every picture.

The sitting-room of the tower was empty to other eyes but not to hers. The lantern was in the corner at hand. After her hesitating steps had carried her along the tunnel to the telephone, she lay down the lantern and pressed the spring that opened the panel door. Another moment and she would be embarked on her great adventure in the finality of action. That little earpiece became a specter of conscience. She drew back convulsively and her hands flew to her face; she was a rocking shadow in the thin, reddish light of the lantern.

Conscious mind had torn off the mask from subconscious mind, revealing the true nature of the change that had wrought in her. She who had resented Feller's part—that a part she had been playing! Every word, every shade of expression, every telling pause of abstraction after Westerling confessed that he had made war for his own ends had been subtly prompted by a purpose whose actuality terrified her.

Her hypocrisy, she realized, was as black as the wall of darkness beyond the lantern's gleam. Then this demoralization passed, as a nightmare passes, with Westerling's boat again in her ears.

When war's principles, enacted by men, were based on sinister trickery called strategy and tactics, should not women, using such weapons as they had, also fight for their homes? Mart's hands swept down from her eyes; she was on fire with resolution.

Forty miles away a bell in Lanstron's bedroom and at his desk rang simultaneously. At the time he and Partow were seated facing each other across a map on the table of the room where they worked together. No persuasion of the young vice-chief, no advice of the doctors, could make the chief take exercise or shorten his hours.

"I know. I know myself!" he said. "I know my duty. And you are learning my boy, learning!"

Every day the flabby cheeks grew paler and the pouches under the eyebrows heavier. But there was no dimming of the eagle flashes of the eyes, no weakening of the will. Last night Lanstron had turned as white as chalk when Partow staggered on reeling from the table, the veins on his temples knotted blue with cords. Yet after a few hours' sleep he reappeared with firm step, fresh for the fray.

The paraphernalia around these two was the same as that around Westerling. Only the atmosphere of the staff was different. Each man was performing the part set for him. No man knew much of any other man's part. Partow alone knew all, and Lanstron was trying to grasp all and praying that Partow's old body should still feed his mind with energy. Lanstron was thinner and paler, a few and glittering lines in his eyes.

What word of Feller's detection came. Lanstron realized for the first time by Partow's manner that the old chief of staff, with all his deprecation of the telephone scheme as chimerical, had grounded a horse on it.

There was the chance that we might know—so vital to the defense—what they were going to do before and not after the attack," he said.

Yet the story of how Feller yielded to the temptation of the automatic had pained the nostrils of the old war-horse quiver with a dramatic breath, and instead of the command of a battery of guns, which Lanstron had promised, the chief made it a battalion. He had drawn down his brows when he heard that Mart had asked that the wire be left intact; he had shot a shrewd, questioning glance at Lanstron and then beat a tattoo on the table and had grumbled under his breath:

"She is afraid of being lonesome! No harm done!"

A week had passed since the Grays had taken the Galland house, and still no word from Mart. The ring of the bell brought Lanstron to his feet with a startled, boyish bound.

"Very springs, that tendon of Achilles!" muttered Partow. "And, my boy, take care, take care!" he called suddenly in his sonorous voice, as vast and billowy as his body.

It was Mart's voice and yet not Mart's; this voice that beat in nervous waves over the wire.

"Lanny—Yes, I, Lanny! You were right. Westerling planned to make war deliberately to satisfy his ambition. He told me so. The first general attack on the first line of defense is tonight. Westerling says so!" She had to pause for breath. "And, Lanny, I want to know some position of the Browns which is weak—not actually weak, maybe, but some position where the Grays expect terrible resistance

and will not find it—where you will let them in!"

"In the name of—Mart! Mart, what?"

"I am going to fight for the Browns—for my home!"

In the sheer satisfaction of explaining herself to herself, of voicing her sentiments, she sent the pictures which had wrought the change moving across the screen before Lanstron's amazed vision. There was no room for interruption on his part, no question or need of one. The wire seemed to quiver with the militant tension of her spirit. It was Mart's name who was talking at the other end; not a name for him, but with a purpose that revealed all the latent strength of her personality and daring.

"I shall have to ask Partow. It's a pretty big thing."

"Yes—only that is not all my plan, my little plan. After they have taken the first line of defense—and they will get it, won't they?"

"Yes, we shall yield in the end, yield rather than suffer too great losses there that will weaken the defense on the main line."

"Then I want to know where it is that you want Westerling to attack on the main line, so that we can get him to attack there. That—that will help, won't it?"

"Yes."

"Of course, all the while I shall be getting news from him—when I have proved my loyalty and have his complete confidence—and I'll telephone it to you. I am sure I can get something worth while with you to direct me; don't you think so, Lanny? I'll hold



"I'm Going to Fight for the Browns—for My Home!"

the wire, Lanny. Ask Partow!" she concluded. Of the two she was the steeper.

"Well?" said Partow, looking up at the sound of Lanstron's step. Then he half raised himself from his chair at sight of a Lanstron with eyes in a daze of brilliancy; a Lanstron with his maimed hand twitching in an outstretched gesture; a Lanstron in the dilemma of being at the same time lover and chief of intelligence. Should he let her make the sacrifice of everything that he held to be sacred to a woman's delicacy? Should he not return to the telephone and tell her that he would not permit her to play such a part? Partow's voice cut in on his demoralization with the sharpness of a blade.

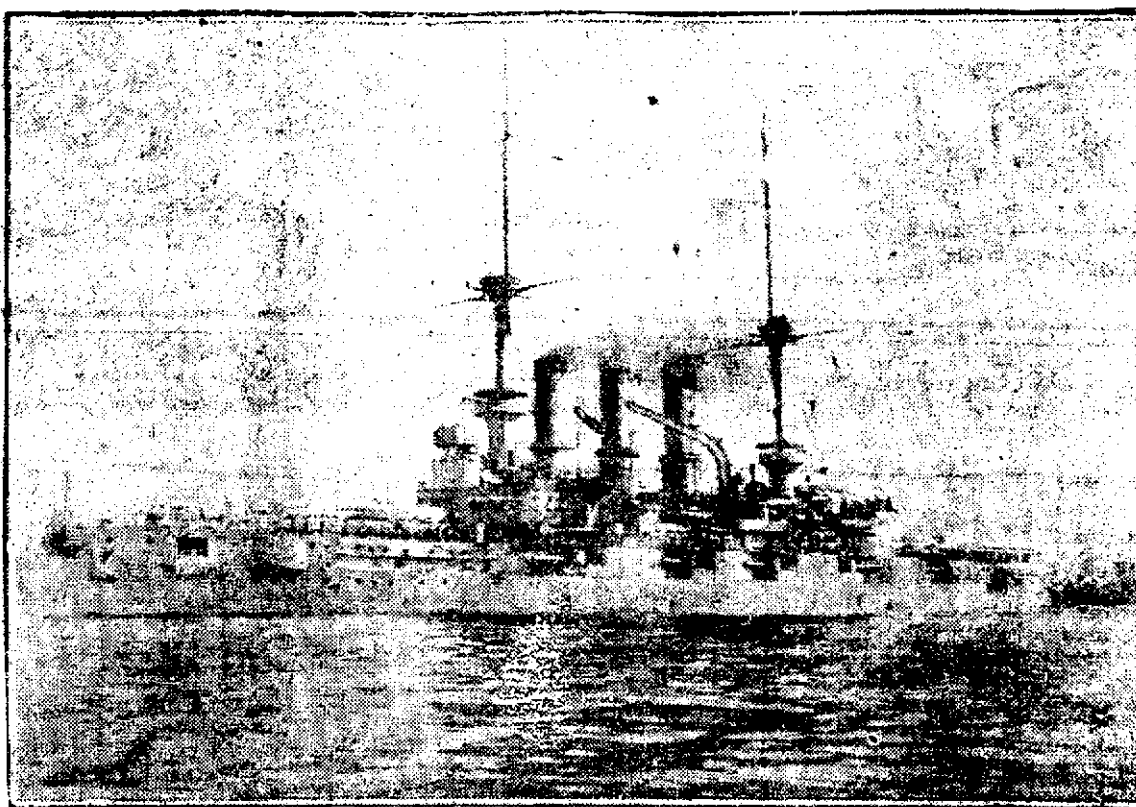
"Well, what, man, what?" he demanded. He feared that the girl might be dead. Anything that could upset Lanstron in this fashion struck a chord of sympathy and apprehension.

Lanstron, advanced to the table, pressed his hands on the edge, and, now master of himself, began an account of Mart's offer. Partow's formless arms lay inert on the table, his stiff, pudgy fingers outspread on the map and his bulk settled deep in the chair, while his eagle eyes were seeing through Lanstron, through a mountain range, into the eyes of a woman and a general on the veranda of an enemy's headquarters. The plan meant giving, giving in the hope of receiving much in return. Would he get the return?

"A woman was the ideal one for the task we trusted to Feller," he mused. "a gentlewoman, big enough, adroit enough, with her soul in the work as no paid woman's could be! There seemed no such one in the world!"

"But to let her do it!" gasped Lanstron.

"It is her suggestion, not yours? She



THIS CRUISER IS MNEMESIS OF BRITISH TRADING VESSELS.
The cruiser Emden which, it is off lately announced by the British war office, sent five more English trading vessels to the bottom in the Indian Ocean. The English merchantmen were the Tumeric, King Lud, Riberia and Foyle and the collier Bursak.

offers herself? She wants no persuasion?" Partow asked sharply.

"Entirely her suggestion," said Lanstron. "She offers herself for her country—for the cause for which our soldiers will give their lives by the thousands. It is a time of sacrifice."

Partow raised his arms. They were not formless as he brought them down with sledge-hammer force to the table. "Your tendon of Achilles? My boy, she is your sword-arm!" His sturdy forefinger ran along the line of frontier under his eye with little staccato leaps. "Eh?" he chuckled significantly, finger poised.

"Let them up the Bordir road and on to redoubts 36 and 37, you mean?" asked Lanstron.

"You have it! The position looks important, but so well do we command it that it is not really vital. Yes, the Bordir road is her bait for Westerling!" Partow waved his hand as if the affair were settled.

"But," interjected Lanstron, "we have also to decide on the point of the main defense which she is to make. Westerling thinks is weak."

"Hm-m!" grumbled Partow. "That is not necessary to start with! We can give that to her later over the telephone, can't we, eh?"

"Was asked for it now."

"Why?" demanded Partow with one of his shrewd, piercing looks.

"She did not say, but I can guess," explained Lanstron. "She must put all her cards on the table; she must tell Westerling all she knows at once. If she tells him piecemeal it might lead to the supposition that she still had some means of communication with the Browns."

"Of course, of course!" Partow spat the flat of his hand resoundingly on the map. "As I decided the first time I met her, she has a head, and when a woman has a head for that sort of thing there is no beating her. Well—" he was looking straight into Lanstron's eyes. "Well, I think we know the point where we could draw them in on the main line, eh?"

"Up the avon of the approach from the Engadir valley. We yield the advance redoubts on either side."

"Meanwhile, we have massed heavily behind the redoubt. We retake the advance redoubts in a counter-attack and"

"Partow brought his fist into his palm with a smack."

"Yes, if we could do that! If we could get them to expend their attack there!" put in Lanstron very excitedly for him.

"We must! She shall help!" Partow was on his feet. He had reached across the table and seized Lanstron's shoulders in a powerful if flesh-padded grip. Then he turned Lanstron around toward the door of his bedroom and gave him a mighty slap of affection. "My boy, the brightest hope of victory we have is holding the wire for you. Tell her that a bearded old beehemoth, who can kneel as gracefully as a rheumatic rhinoceros, is on both knees at her feet, kissing her hands and trying his best, in the name of mercy, to keep from breaking into rhapsody of his own composition."

Back at the telephone, Lanstron, in the fervor of the cheer and the enthusiasm that had transported his chief, gave Mart Partow's message.

"You, Mart, are our brightest hope of victory!"

"Yes?" the monosyllable was detached, dispassionate. "A woman

can be that!" she exclaimed in an uncertain tone, which grew into the distraction of clipped words and broken sentences. "A woman playing a woman acting the most revolting hypocrisy! Influences the issue between two nations! Her death deals in the lives of sons precious to fathers and mothers, the fate of frontiers, of institutions! Think of it! Think of machines costing countless millions—machines of flesh and blood, with their destinies shaped by one little bit of lying information! Think of the folly of any civilization that stakes its triumphs on such a gamble! Am I not right? Isn't it true? Isn't it?"

"Yes, yes, Mart! But—I—" If she were weakening it was not his place to try to strengthen her purpose. "It will the sooner end fighting, won't it, Lanny?" she asked in a small, tense voice.

"Yes."

"And the only real end that means real peace is to prove that the weak can hold back the strong from their threshold!"

"Yes."

Even now Westerling might be on the veranda, perhaps waiting for news that would enable him to crush the weak; to prove that the law of five pounds of human flesh against three, and five bayonets against three, is the law of civilization.

(To be Continued.)



SAYS GERMANY IS ENGLAND'S NATURAL ALLY.

London, Sept. 29.—In a remarkable interview just given out, Sir A. Conan Doyle, the novelist, declares Germany to be England's natural ally and not her foe.

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\$1.00 per quart.
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The instrument shown here is the Victrola XVI, \$25. Other styles \$10 to \$25.

The music of the Victrola is always enjoyable

After you have been motoring and enjoying the beauties of nature, you can come home and enjoy the beauties of song on the Victrola.
And when a stormy day comes along and you have to stay indoors, you will be doubly glad to have a Victrola. Stop in and we will play any music you wish to hear. We'll show you the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$200—and explain our system of easy terms.

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HUSTLING man or woman under 50. Fraternal insurance. Protected territory. Big money. Write quick. I-L-U. 2470—Covington, Ky.

Pie Social.

The Pie Social which was to be held at Mt. Zion school house on Saturday night for the benefit of the school has been postponed to Friday October 2 9-22-64.

Help wanted—You can always secure the best kind of domestic or office help by using the Progress Classified ads.

LOST—One rear auto lamp along Market, Turnpike or Nichols streets. Return to Singer sewing machine office and receive reward.

LOST—Loose lead pencil, with name and address of owner on the inside. Valued as a gift. Finder please return same to Progress office.

PUBLIC SALE—Will sell all my household goods and furnishings at public sale at 1 P. M. October 14. 1313 Daisy street.

F. P. KABEL.

FOR SALE—1914 Two-Speed Tourist Standard Model Indian Motorcycle. Equipped with electric head and tail lights, storage batteries, electric horn, speedometer, tandem, filter, clock and full set tools. Machine run only 1,300 miles and is in perfect condition. Price \$225. Raymond D. Brett, 602 Daisy street. If

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. Corner Frank and Market streets. \$25 1 w.

WANTED—Work by the day. I will go out to do washing. Call at Progress office.

LOST—Pair of nose glasses between Locust and Walnut streets. If found return to Progress office. \$1

LOST—Gold chain bracelet, between West Pine and Second streets. If found please return to the Progress office.

FOUND—On court house pavement, bunch of keys. Can be had by owner at Progress office by paying for this notice.

LOST—Baby's ring, with "C" between Sixth street and hospital, West Side. Finder report to Progress office and receive reward.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for light housekeeping. 326 Fourth St. 1 w

FOR SALE—Smith Premier typewriter, model No. 4. In excellent condition. A bargain at \$15.00. Raymond D. Brett, 307 Turnpike avenue.

Subscribe for The Progress.

Olive Typewriter Ribbons—the best on the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60c. If by mail, remit 65c and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

NEW OPERA HOUSE

FEATURING THE BIG UNIVERSAL PROGRAM
5 REELS—TO-NIGHT, OCT. 2nd

We Are Showing The Lubin Film
THE PHILIPSBURG WRECK

AND AN INTERESTING Rex Drama
"THE MAN WHO WAS MISUNDERSTOOD"

Bob Leonard and Ella Hall in
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And The Joker Comedy
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For Grease Cups, Steering Gears,
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Put up in one-pound cans with force
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No Dirt. No Trouble. No Waste
Easy to Carry and Nice to Handle

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MICHELIN TIRES

SPECIAL

For the Balance of the 1914 Season we Offer You

Michelin Auto Tires at Cost

This is the Opportunity You Have Been Looking For—
To Buy The Best Tire Made at the Dealer's Cost Price.

Texaco

A High-Grade Automobile Oil
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For a One-Gallon Can

This is a special introductory price,
as the oil alone sells at 60c
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The can is square and has a detach-
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all for 60c.

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10/27

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John Kennard, Clearfield, Pa.
Jas. A. McPherson, Clearfield, Pa.
W. C. Miller, Clearfield, Pa.
Jas. P. O'Laughlin, Clearfield, Pa.
H. J. Patton, Philadelphia, Pa.
W. B. Potter, Kearsau, Pa.
H. B. Powell, Clearfield, Pa.
A. B. Shaw, Clearfield, Pa.
A. K. Wright, Clearfield, Pa.

There will be a free football game at the park tomorrow. The C. H. S. boys will play a picked team from the classes of the High school, and a good fast game is assured. The C. H. S. boys proposed a lot of money for the boys prospered a lot by what they run up against last Saturday and hereafter intend to put it to good use. The game tomorrow will be free to every one. After next Saturday the team has a full schedule, and some fine games is scheduled.

At The Opera House Tonight It Pays to Advertise in The Progress

D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION
—for 15 years—
The Standard Skin Remedy
Instant Relief for all Skin Troubles

\$500 REWARD will be paid anyone who proves our pictures of the **Philipsburg Wreck**
Are Not the Genuine and Authentic Films Made by The Lubin Co., at Philipsburg, Sept. 7-8
These Great Pictures Will **OPERA HOUSE, FRIDAY OCT. 2**
Be Shown Exclusively at Afternoon and Evening
Admission, Children 10c, Adults 25c.
ELLIS FREEMAN,
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Sole Owner Picture Rights for Penna.

RAILROAD NEWS

Items of Interest, Gathered Here and There, For The Boys Who Man The Trains

NEW YORK CENTRAL
MUST HONOR BOOKS

Formal announcement was made by the interstate commerce commission late Wednesday that it had declined to suspend tariffs of railroads operating in eastern trunk line territory providing for an increase in the charge for mileage passenger books from two cents to two and a quarter cents a mile, effective yesterday, October 1. Protests against the increase had been filed by many organizations and individuals.

The commission, however, suspended tariffs filed by the New York Central lines, under which mileage books sold prior to October 1 on a basis of two cents a mile would not be honored for transportation after that date.

The suspended tariffs provided that the unused portions of the books would be redeemed by the selling lines at the purchase price. The com-

mission viewed these tariffs as a violation of contract and therefore suspended them until January 29, 1915, pending an investigation.

Steel Cars Increase.

Statistics show that only a little more than 3 per cent. of the passenger equipment turned out last year were of wooden construction. In the coming year all passenger cars must be steel, according to government regulation. In the four years ended January 1, 1913, steel passenger coaches increased in number from 629 to 3,271 and steel underframe cars from 673 to 3,296 each of the former costing about \$13,000.

While the first cost means large expenditure for new cars, their durability means a saving in the end, both because the cars themselves last longer and through the reduction in claims through loss accidents.

Woman Goes on Honor Roll.

A woman who has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad

system longer than 30 years—Ellen Brady, a matron of Chicago—was placed on the road's "roll of honor." The pension list, it was announced in New York yesterday. She is one of 53 employees whom the road has retired. Heading the list were Henry T. Rambo a tank repairman of Philadelphia, in the road's service for 50 years, and five months, and Cornelius Kennedy, extra gang foreman of Cleveland, employed for 50 years and two months.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons.

Oliver Typewriter Ribbons—of the best of the market—may be had at the Clearfield Progress office. Any color of ribbon, price 60¢ per yard, remit 65¢ and ribbons will be forwarded promptly.

Chicken and Waffle supper Wednesday evening from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Supper 30 cents. Everybody welcome. The New Central Restaurant. 101

Subscribe for The Progress.

Dancing Cap of Flitter Silver



SINCE the introduction of dancing caps, which made their debut along with the strenuous tango, ribbons and lace, nets and gauzes, have been fashioned in unending variety into caps for the dancing girl. And now that we have gold and silver tissues, silver beaded nets, and gauzes striped with silver, designers have been quick to seize upon these new fabrics and to make alluring head decorations of them.

These little caps are also to be worn to the theater and called "opera caps" as well as "dancing caps." They are worn with fancy neckpieces of ostrich feathers with ribbons. A cap and neckpiece like those illustrated here are wonderfully effective and brilliant.

For decorating evening caps of this kind tassels of silver or gold filigree, or little balls, are used. To add a little touch of color small flowers of silk or satin ribbon are most often employed. But the matter of decoration

gives much scope to the individual fancy.

Since the materials of which the caps are made are so brilliant one should be careful to use very little in the way of trimmings on them.

The popularity of caps of this kind is assured. They are more brilliant than any coiffure. They do not have to be removed at the theater, and at the dance they keep the hair in place. But above all they are amazingly becoming, as full of dash and brilliance as a diamond.

Ostrich neckpieces are not very long and are made up in white and all the light colors, and in the natural colors. The latter are more generally useful than others because they are suitable for afternoon wear as well as for evening.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Berlin doctors have named a new disease "tango foot" and attributed it to that dance.

ELY'S CREAM BALM OPENS CLOGGED
NOSTRILS AND HEAD--CATARRH COEE

Instantly Clears Air Passages: You Breathe Freely, Nasty Discharge Stops, Head Colds and Dull Headaches Vanish.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm." Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

Get such misery now. Get the small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant balm dissolves by the heat of

the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane, which fires the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing. Catarrh or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucus dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing but truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

AMUSEMENTS

An Excellent Offering.

Probably no more pretentious offering has been scheduled for the present dramatic season than the new and massive scenic production of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," which will be the attraction at New opera house on Tuesday night.

Not since the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" was presented has there been a book-play offered to theaters that rivals in importance this dramatization of Harold Melt Wright's thrilling novel of rugged life in the southwest. The stage version is by Mark Swann and keeps closely in touch with the characters and theme of the novelist. Seats now on sale.

"Seven Hours in New York"

It's a pleasure to announce the coming of a really worthy entertainment. We are led to believe, judging from advance reports received, that the musical play "Seven Hours in New York" will prove to be worthy of patronage. The play is said to be well written with a light, consistent plot. Much stress is laid on the merit of the songs which abound during the action of the play. There is a fine company, a large and well drilled chorus, and a complete scenic production. We are of the opinion that "Seven Hours in New York" will prove enjoyable to all who attend. The date here is Friday evening, Oct. 9.

FRENCH PRESIDENT'S WIFE A
WAR NURSE

Mrs. Poincare, wife of the French president, who is spending 4 hours of each day acting as a Red Cross nurse to the wounded soldiers in the hospital of Bordeaux.

WANTED, WORK:—Young man of good character, strictly sober, would like steady position of any kind. Best of reference. Address B. care Progress.

The Clearfield Progress

Pure Food Directory

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A selected blend of CHOICE COFFEES in moisture and just proof packages.

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Made from the purest milk and packed in dust proof tubs and wrappers

The only store in Clearfield selling the pure Bradford Creamery Butter.

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WHOLESOME
CANDY

Bon Bobs and Chocolates

Made from the purest

The Sugar Bowl

The Home of Pure, Wholesome Home Made Candy

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Clean Milk

Ideal for the Baby and Table

This space for Sale to some live Milk Man.



Made with pure ingredients and protected against dust and dirt. Absolutely pure. Just the dish for a tasty desert.

Also try our Delicious Sodas and Sundaes made with this Ice Cream

ANNA M. CUNEO

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A Choice Line of Beef, Pork, Veal, Lamb and Poultry

Clearfield Cash Meat Market
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Fresh Every Morning

Pure, Clean Meats Government Inspected

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THIS SPACE FOR SALE TO SOME LIVE MERCHANT.

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Good and Pure Milk used to Make

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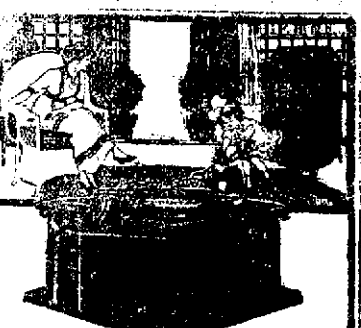
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FOURTH STREET, Clearfield, Penna.



Victrola VI, \$25
Other styles \$15 to \$20

You are never at a loss for entertainment when there is a Victrola in your home.

It enables you to hear the world's best music whenever and as often as you wish.

Shieeer's Music House
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WAR MAPS FOR
PROGRESS READERS

Valuable Aids to Understanding of European Situation

A HANDSOME PIECE OF WORK

With These Maps the Public Can Tell at a Glance the Location of the Cities and Towns Where the Belligerent Nations are Struggling for Supremacy—How Maps May be Procured.

In keeping with its determination to give the readers of the Progress the latest and best news of the great European war, the management of this paper has decided to distribute to the public at a nominal cost to the people an official map of the territory in which the big armies of the warring powers are fighting. With the aid of this map the citizen can trace accurately the movements of the armies and discover the scenes of battles as reported day by day in the news columns of the Progress.

The maps will be sent by mail either in town or out of town, for a nominal cost of one cent in each case.

They are the most accurate maps of Europe that have ever been made and will prove a valuable aid to those who wish to learn more than they know of the countries across the sea. If you wish to keep posted on the progress of the war, get one of these maps at once.

situation in the war zone. The map was originally made in Europe by the war process, at once expensive and complete, and has been reproduced in this country on copperplate. The type is clear and the places sought by the man who is after information regarding the war are plainly marked. On the back of this map is to be found the latest and most authentic information regarding the nations now engaged in the conflict.

The Progress has been able to procure a number of these maps for distribution to those who wish to have an intelligent conception of the great event which is happening in Europe. To secure one of these maps the reader will cut the coupon from another page of this paper and present it, with ten cents, at the counter of the business office of the Progress and one of the maps will be handed to him. As the number of copies of the map which the Progress was able to get is limited it will be well for those who wish copies to call early.

The maps will be sent by mail either in town or out of town, for a nominal cost of one cent in each case. They are the most accurate maps of Europe that have ever been made and will prove a valuable aid to those who wish to learn more than they know of the countries across the sea. If you wish to keep posted on the progress of the war, get one of these maps at once.

NEW OPERA HOUSE THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6
ONE NIGHT ONLY

THE GREATEST BOOK PLAY EVER PRODUCED

THE WINNING
OF BARBARA WORTH

THRILLS
LOVE THROBS
HUMOR

Seats Now On Sale at the Box Office. Call H. & C. Phone

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TAXI ?

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The Very Best Hour That Money Can Buy

BIG LOAF

PERSONAL

Miss Kate Cutler is visiting Mrs. Charlie Rishel, of Brockwayville.

Florence Faulkner, of Philipsburg, was a Clearfield visitor yesterday.

W. L. Calkins, of DuBois, transacted business at the court house today.

Miss Larue Sydie, of Mahaffey, was the guest of Clearfield friends yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McCreery, of New Millport, were in town, yesterday.

Mrs. B. P. Williams, of Granpian, spent the morning shopping in Clearfield.

'Harry Faust, of Washington, D. C., was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Rev. G. F. Snyder, of Altoona, is secretary of the Allegheny synod now meeting here.

Mrs. Tobias and daughter, Mrs. John Boag, are visiting friends in Curwensville.

A. D. Houck, general manager of the Altoona Tribune, is attending the Lutheran Synod.

Postmaster Blake W. McCracken, of Mahaffey, was a business visitor in Clearfield yesterday.

Carl Patchia and John McKeage, of Burnside, attended the show here on Wednesday evening.

Clint Hockman, of Mount Union is a delegate to the Lutheran synod in session here this week.

Miles Krumbine and Mr. Gafferty, Altoona, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Row during synod.

Philip and Harry Dotts, of Irwona, spent Wednesday at the home of their sister, Mrs. Logan McGarvey.

Mrs. David May, of Clearfield street, spent the day with her sister, Mrs. Frank Leech, in Curwensville.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reed and son Charles, of McGees Mills, were the guests of Clearfield friends yesterday.

Miss Helen Lingle, of Tacoma, Washington, is the guest of Miss Louis Denning, at her home on Second street.

Mrs. H. S. Butler, who has been visiting her sister, Miss Alice Mossop, has returned to her home in Huntsville, Tenn.

Mrs. James Holter and daughter, Miss Ackley, of Morgantown, West Virginia, were guests of Mrs. W. E. Phillips on Thursday.

REHEARSAL OF PICTURE OF PHILPSBURG WRECK

There was a rehearsal of the Philipsburg wreck pictures at the New opera house this morning. A small audience watching the development of the pictures with great delight. The Lubin film company certainly made the most of the Philipsburg celebration of Labor Day. The entire show is an excellent one. The pictures of the parade were clean-cut and very interesting, showing the various features in a manner that recalled the event most vividly. "Scenes in Houtzdale, the hold-up and the activities of the train on the Philipsburg and Susquehanna railroad were depicted in a very adequate and pleasing manner.

The great wreck was true to life. The two engines with their trains came together with a rush, the cars and other rolling stock being crushed to splintered wood and twisted iron. This scene is very realistic, and those who saw the pictures this morning could not but be convinced that the film makers were right on the spot at the time.

The subsequent scenes around the wreck were due to the rescue of the wounded and the carrying away of the dead impressed their vividness upon the spectator. The acting of Arthur Johnson and others of the company was splendidly done and the whole performance was as thrilling as anyone might wish it to be. No doubt the opera house will be filled tonight with people who will want to see these magnificent pictures.

In the pictures the Fifth Regiment band and a number of Clearfielders are to be seen, thus giving local color and increasing local interest in the entertainment.

Firemen's Meeting.

Regular meeting Clearfield Fire Department this (Friday) evening in No. 1 hall. All firemen please attend.

A. P. Spangler, Sec.

SOCIAL

Ed. Leitzinger entertained the employees of Leitzinger Bros. at the bungalow last evening.

FOR SALE—A kind gentle driving horse. Reasonable price. Singer Sewing Machine Co.

The Very Best Flour That Money Can Buy BIG LOAF

VON KLUCK SAVED BY REINFORCEMENTS

(Continued from Page One)

sides in the battle of the Aisne, which began on September 12, the result is still undecided.

The French war office still makes no mention of the report that the Germans are retreating, although unofficial news from the front states that the Germans are retiring in large numbers toward Belgium.

Terrific Battle Now Raging.

A terrible battle is now raging in the vicinity of Roye, west of the Oise river, where the Germans have concentrated their heaviest forces, according to an official announcement from the war department this afternoon.

The line of battle seems to be extending more and more toward the north, indicating that the French left wing is maintaining its success in the movement having for its purpose the enveloping of General von Kluck's army.

Try to Construct a Bridge.

The fighting has even reached the district south of Arras. The Germans operating against the French right wing today attempted to hurriedly construct a bridge over the Meuse, but the French destroyed it.

The official statement says: "On our left the battle continues with great violence, notably in the region of Roye, where the Germans are concentrating. The action is extending more and more to the north. On the Meuse the Germans attempted to build a bridge near St. Mihiel, to replace a bridge destroyed over night."

"In the Woëvre region our offensive continues and we advance step by step notably in the region between Apremont and St. Mihiel."

ALLEGHENY SYNOD NOW IN SESSION

(Continued from Page One)

fession and absolution and emphasized the necessary ridding our life of heaven bread as thoroughly as the Jew rids his house of it, before taking communion.

Rev. C. R. Allenbach made an address of welcome and an announcement commenting upon the fact that synod here was ancient history, it being 30 years since a synod had met in Clearfield, and said that this synod was to be the brightest spot in the history of the church thus far. He extended a hearty greeting to all the brethren of the synod and to everybody to attend every session.

Mrs. James Holter and daughter, Miss Ackley, of Morgantown, West Virginia, were guests of Mrs. W. E. Phillips on Thursday.

GERMANS SILENCE 2 FORTS AT ANTWERP

west, but the fury of these attacks is apparently diminishing, indicating that the French are withdrawing south or attempting a flanking movement."

The latest statement also declares that the Germans have made 2000 200 Russian officers, including 18 generals.

Belgians Flee to Holland.

Ghent, Oct. 2.—Hundreds of the citizens of Antwerp are fleeing across the border into Holland. Communication between Antwerp and the outside world is cut off to the southeast and southwest.

Instead of proclaiming a formal siege the Germans' purpose is evidently to try to batter down the forts on the south.

The fighting centers along the Scheldt river, near Ternoude. The Germans are making fearful assaults on the Antwerp defenses, apparently intending to force a quick, decisive conflict with the Belgian army.

Many Germans Killed.

London, Oct. 2.—Anxiety over the situation in Antwerp was partially relieved today by a press bureau announcement that "news from Antwerp says its position is excellent."

The German dead near Mavre St. Catherine can be counted by thousands. Entire companies were decimated.

Real Estate Transfers.

Joramah H. Lute to George Wild-

man, land in Bell \$1

Caroline Owens to Jennie Owens

land in Curwensville \$75

Hers of Caroline Owens to Jennie

Owens, land in Curwensville. \$600.

Edmund Ardary to Jennie Owens

land in Curwensville. \$135

Rebecca Zeigler to Mike Valskie,

land in Munson. \$1100.

Andrew Peterson to William Den-

shan, land in Morris. \$5.

D. C. Burkett to James Palmer,

land in Bradford. \$175

William Norton to James Walsh

land in Morris. \$77.

Charles C. Logan to W. F. Logan

land in DuBois. \$2500

Giuseppa Plozza to Anthony An-

nic, land in DuBois. \$1

Elizabeth Phelps to Adam Banks,

land in Cooper. \$200

ADVENTURES OF LOST SOLDIERS

(Continued from 1st page.)

ly above a kind of flimsy, shining paper which floated about and by its reflection gave to German gunners their range and direction.

"This same man told me that almost the whole of his battery—the 124th of R. F. A.—was left dead at Namur. While the guns were in position with gun-pits on the right, a greatly superior body of German artillery came up and shelled them from the left. They were obliged to swing their guns around in the open while under heavy fire. Knowing that but few could escape, the gunners shook hands and got to work.

"Finally the major in command was obliged to order the few remaining men of the battery to make their guns useless and save themselves. He himself was killed almost immediately afterwards, as was the captain attached to the battery. 'I shook hands with my pal, Nobby Clark' said my informant 'and a minute afterwards he was dead. We made the guns useless and with four or five others I managed to escape to the rear.'

"During the battle at Namur, a British officer discovered that the Germans were locating British positions from a church steeple near by. He gave an order and a well-aimed shot from a British gun demolished the steeple.

"The outstanding point of the German advance is its rapidity and suddenness. Some of the West Kents were actually on bathing parade when the Germans surprised them. In this condition, with towels and soap instead of rifles and bayonets, they fell an easy prey, and from 200 to 300 were killed or lying wounded in the space of a few minutes.

"That the Germans had been committing atrocities I am certain, having seen and talked with Frenchmen whose left ears were all cut off on the battlefield; but there are other stories told by the wounded soldiers of which no first hand confirmation can be obtained.

"I saw some terrible scenes at the station when a trainload of wounded arrived. All the sufferers were smiling, however, except a few who were too weak even to do that.

"A British officer lay with a number of privates in a truck minus his right arm and left leg. He was quite happy, he said, but he wanted some coffee. Many of the spectators at once rushed off, and returned soon afterwards with jugs and even pails of coffee and cider, besides fruit and cigarettes.

"I've done my bit' said a soldier without a left arm 'and now I'm going to lie in bed until they send for me to be kaiser of Germany.'"

PRESBYTERIAN OF HUNTINGTON

(Continued from Page One)

minute on the death of Hon. James A. Beaver.

New business.

Report of committee on systematic benevolence.

Conference on men's work and evangelism, the Rev. H. W. Heber presiding.

Reports of standing committees.

Tuesday Evening.

A public meeting will be held at 7:30, the Rev. Samuel Barber presiding, to be addressed by the Rev. R. P. Miller in the interests of the Presbyterian missions, and by the Rev. William Hiram Foulks, D. D., LL. D., in the interests of relief and sanitation, the offering to be devoted to the former cause.

Appointment of place for next meeting.

Report of committee on leave of absence.

Adoption of resolution of thanks.

Approval of minutes.

Adjournment.

OBITUARY

Vernie Rader died at the DuBois hospital at 7:30 this morning. Deceased had relatives living in Clearfield.

IN THE MOVIES

THE PHILPSBURG WRECK AT OPERA HOUSE TONIGHT

Did you see the wreck at Philipsburg September 3? Whether you did or not, you will surely not miss the Lubin film made that day and the day before. They show the wreck just as it happened the two engines meeting each other while going at a terrific rate and the resulting smash. The pictures have an advantage over the actual wreck as they show the dramatic part of the story which their actors acted out for the film. Of course these people were not in the train when the wreck occurred but they add interest to the film because they have been made to look as though they were victims of the disaster. The reel also shows the massed band under the leadership of Dr. Leopold, of Clearfield, and the great parade in Philipsburg on Labor day, led by our own famous Fifth Regiment band. This is one of the leading features at the opera house this evening.

"The Man Who Was Misunderstood" is the story of a soldier who asked out an ex-lunatic by playing his fiddle on the street corners, accompanied by his dog, who is his best friend and constant companion. To the idle rich the dog is a luxury and a plaything, but to the man in the thralls of poverty he is a friend and companion. This interesting reel film will be shown at the opera house this evening.

"The Mistress of Deadwood Hall" is a Rex drama featuring Bob Leonard and Ella Hall, shown at the opera house this evening. Eve-line Danvers an heiress, finds that her lumber camp is mismanaged by a rascally foreman, who tyrannizes over the men. With the help of Sanderson, a giant lumberman, she establishes justice.

"The Boarder's Mishap" is a Joke comedy which you will enjoy at the opera house this evening.

CURWENSVILLE

Edited by G. F. Kittleberger, Jr.

Miss Mary Shearer spent yesterday in Clearfield.

Charles Sweeney left yesterday for Altoona.

H. B. Thompson spent yesterday afternoon in Clearfield.

Miss Austa Gardlock shipped in Clearfield yesterday.

Mrs. J. S. Richards, who has been visiting in Chambersville and Punxsu-

dal, and Mr. and Mrs. Dine Bloom-

ton, returned home yesterday.

Mrs. S. C. Wilson, Mrs. M. R. Porter and Mrs. G. H. Clark are attending a W. C. T. U. convention at OH City.

Some of the people that spent yesterday at the DuBois fair are as follows: Curtis Porter, Clayton Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Leih, V. U. Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hile, J. P. Robinson, Mose Norris, William Mumma, Ord Norris, James Thompson, Sam Calico, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Broom, George Sautelle, Miss Milor McClure, Mrs. D. R. Flemming, Miss Anna Smith, Tom Norris, William Smith, Miss Roxie and Marion Kendall, and Mr. and Mrs. Dine Bloom-

A. W. Leonardson Co.

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"MADE IN AMERICA" WEEK

Visit The Store Again Before The Event Closes Saturday Night.

Saturday night will wind up one of the most gratifying weeks in the history of our store. It has been very gratifying to us to spread among the dwellers of our community a better understanding of the vastness and importance of American industries. The large amount of American-made goods sold has also been very gratifying to us as it will play an important part in keeping American factories running and American workers busy on full time.

Before the event closes Saturday night we want all who have been here to visit the store again. An event of the educational importance of "Made In America" Week is exceedingly rare and we want you to make the most of it while you can. Come!

A. W. Leonardson Co.

NEW OPERA HOUSE, FRIDAY, OCT. 2ND, ONLY

In The Afternoon From 2 to 5

In the Evening Starting at 7

"LABOR DAY PARADE AND TRAIN COLLISION"

Taken at Philipsburg, Sept. 7 and 8. By The Lubin Film Co.

See the local people, The Fifth Regiment Band, The Different Floats and Organizations. Then see the Two Engines Crash into each other and the crowds that witnessed the spectacle.

ADMISSION,

25 CENTS



EVERY age of womanhood—from the young growing girl to the matron—requires a particular kind of corset all its own. And this need is met perfectly in our line of

J. C. Corsets

A distinct corset model for every age—every type of figure. Wear the J. C. Corset especially designed for your type of figure, and you have found corset style and corset comfort.

Ask our salesladies to show you the J. C. Corset models especially designed for your figure lines.

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NOOLAS BROS., Proprietors

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Dinner 10:30 to 2:30 Supper 5 to 8 Short Meals 20c

Special Breakfast every morning: Hot cakes, bread and butter, coffee, potatoes, beans and steak. 20c.

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GO TO New Central Restaurant, 18 Second Street. Clearfield, Pa.

SPECIAL SALE

O-Cedar Polish Mops

Fall House Cleaning

For a Limited Time we Offer The \$1.50 Size for \$1.25 The \$1.00 Size for 75c SEE WINDOW

O-Cedar Polish Mops are so well and favorably known that a detailed description is scarcely necessary, however, we shall be glad to mail descriptive circulars upon request.

Telephone Orders Receive Careful Attention.

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Every reader presenting four coupons and 10 cents to cover postage.

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